VOL. 46 NO. 7
Lessons for October
JULY 1959

Summer Cry

Christie Lund Coles

Bathe me in beauty, World,
Immerse me in your color and your sound.
Let all your greening hills envelop me
In loveliness immaculately found.

Weave me in wonder, World.
Let all your leaf-spun magic be a veil
Encasing me this hour in turquoise light,
Where nothing dark nor doubting can assail.

Mould me in music, World.
Circle me with chiming lilt of bird.
Let me be part of the most quiet sound,
My being song with all that it has heard.

Sate me with summer, World,
With tall, cool grass, with petal, and the high
Clouds moving endlessly. Let me be one
With the silent signature of sun and sky.

The Cover: Capitol Building, Baton Rouge, Louisiana
Photograph by Fred H. Ragsdale, Free Lance Photographers Guild

Frontispiece: Landscape Near Lake City, Colorado
Photograph by Don Knight

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

Cover Lithographed in Full Color by Deseret News Press

From Near and Far

I enjoyed very much the article "Would You Write Poetry?" by Sylvia Probst Young in the May issue of the *Magazine*. It appeared to me as one of the best I have read on the subject. It is satisfying to know that at last I have succeeded in writing a story worthy of publication in the *Magazine* ("Gem of the Hills," May 1959). I have received many compliments on it.

—Lydia M. Sorensen
Emery, Utah

From deep in the heart of Texas, I'm lost without my *Relief Society Magazine*, as the cowboy without his boots! Being so far from the headquarters of the Church, we here need all the words of wisdom and inspiration we can get via our Church publications. The good, clean, wholesome stories, and other features of the *Magazine*, are a welcome relief from the world of everyday tension and rush.

—Mrs. Beatrice Foster
Arlington, Texas

Mr. Hale and I have returned to Japan, and will be here for one more year. I very much appreciate the *Magazine*. . . . I study the lessons by myself, but enjoy the *Magazine* always, and it seems like a breath of home when the *Magazine* arrives. I use the recipes to teach my young Japanese friends how to cook. We have made the "Orange Date Nut Bread" (from the January issue). The girls are very much surprised that a religious *Magazine* has so much material for everyday living.

—Miriam C. Hale
Nagoya, Japan

I feel that I have missed a great deal by not being brought up in the Church, and am deeply thankful to be able to read material in the *Magazine* to help me in trying to rear a child who will be a credit to the Church. I look forward to each issue and often read portions aloud to my husband, so that he, too, can share the wonderful poems, stories, and articles. The recipes help me to make meals more interesting.

—Millie Martindale
Bossier City, Louisiana

I have read the *Magazine* since I was a child in my mother's home and have enjoyed every story and lesson just a little more than the last. It is really wonderful to have a good *Magazine* coming into our home now when there is so little material of similar calibre available.

—Loray C. Randall
Compton, California

I surely enjoy the *Magazine* and receive much inspiration from it. The wonderful messages that reach me while reading the stories and articles help me so much in the role as a wife and mother.

—Sharon B. Ballif
Phoenix, Arizona

My mother-in-law was so kind to send me *The Relief Society Magazine* for our stay here in the Netherlands while my husband is studying plant breeding at Wageningen. I am grateful for the Relief Society organization and my membership in it. Here in our small branch of the Church I meet with six other members for our meetings. I ride my bicycle to these meetings. The *Magazine* has so many faith-building articles. I read it from cover to cover and then pass it on to the Relief Society president here at the Ede Branch.

—Mrs. Merilouise H. Madsen
Bennehom, Netherlands

I have again sent in gift subscriptions for three sisters, one daughter, and two daughters-in-law. They all write heartfelt thanks for the lovely *Magazine*, "the Christmas present that lasts all year." I am truly grateful for the inspirational and worthwhile subject matter I find in every number.

—Etta S. Robbins
Idaho Falls, Idaho

It is indeed a pleasure and a satisfaction to be instrumental in bringing the inspiration as well as the wealth of instruction *The Relief Society Magazine* brings into the homes.

—Jennie W. Erekson
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL BOARD

Belle S. Spafford - - - - - - - - - President
Marianne C. Sharp - - - - - - - - First Counselor
Louise W. Madsen - - - - - - - - - Second Counselor
Hulda Parker - - - - - - - - Secretary-Treasurer

Anna B. Hart, Edith S. Elliott, Florence J. Madsen, Leone G. Layton, Blanche B. Stoddard, Evon W. Peterson, Aleine M. Young, Josie B. Bay, Christine H. Robinson, Alberta H. Christensen, Mildred B. Eyring, Charlotte A. Larsen, Edith P. Backman, Winniefred S. Manwaring, Elna P. Haymond, Annie M. Ellsworth, Mary R. Young, Mary V. Cameron, Afton W. Hunt, Weallha S. Mendenhall, Pearle M. Olsen, Elsa T. Peterson, Irene B. Woodford, Fannie S. Kienitz

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - - - - Marianne C. Sharp
Associate Editor - - - - - - - - - - - Vesta P. Crawford
General Manager - - - - - - - - - - - - Belle S. Spafford

VOL. 46 JULY 1959 NO. 7

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

In Memoriam — President Stephen L Richards ... 421
America's Challenge — Individual Righteousness ... A. Theodore Tuttle 424
Fanny Steenblik Kienitz Appointed to General Board of Relief Society ... Elsie M. Belliston 427
The Gulf States Mission ... Preston R. Nibley 428
"More Precious Than Rubies" ... 440

FICTION

Blue Voile for Dreams ... Norma Wrathall 430
Pretending Garden ... Helen H. Trutton 444
Such a Heavenly Secret ... Mabel Law Atkinson 450
The Silver Leash — Chapter 7 ... Beatrice Rordame Parsons 455

GENERAL FEATURES

From Near and Far ... 418
Sixty Years Ago ... 436
Woman's Sphere ... Ramona W. Cannon 437
Editorial: Planning Summer Activities for Children ... Marianne C. Sharp 438
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities ... Hulda Parker 461
Birthday Congratulations ... 488

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

Recipes From the Gulf States Mission ... Emma A. Hanks 441
Jewels for the Table ... Marian Gardner Nielson 448
Meletia Miles Makes Sweaters in Unusual Designs ... 454
Recipe for Cold Water Soap ... 488

LESSONS FOR OCTOBER

Theology — "Magnify Thine Office" ... Roy W. Doxey 468
Visiting Teacher Messages — ". . . Take Upon You My Whole Armor. . ." ... Christine H. Robinson 474
Work Meeting — Child Safety ... Charlotte A. Larsen 475
Literature — Introduction: Light and Fire ... Briant S. Jacobs 477
Social Science — The Spiritual Road ... Blaine M. Porter 483

POETRY

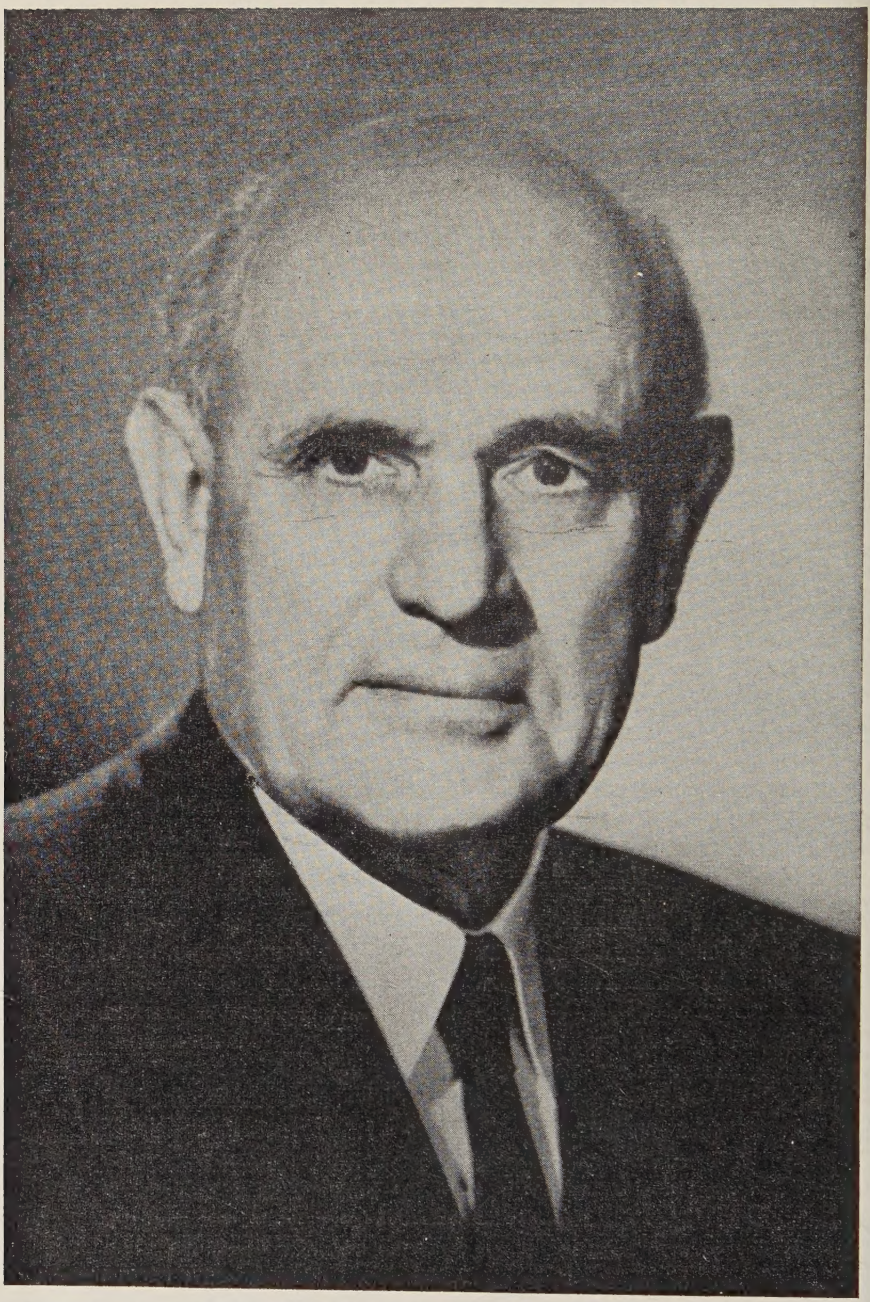
Summer Cry — Frontispiece ... Christie Lund Coles 417
Summit ... Maude Rubin 423
To Benjamin Franklin ... Elsie McKinnon Strachan 435
First in the Valley ... Dorothy J. Roberts 439
Search Not Stars ... Leona Fetzer Wintch 447
Quoit Tower, San Francisco ... Margery S. Stewart 453
Elizabeth ... Ethel Jacobson 460

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Copyright 1959 by General Board of Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Editorial and Business Offices: 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah: Phone EMpire 4-2511; **Subscriptions** 246; **Editorial Dept.** 245. **Subscription Price:** $2.00 a year; foreign, $2.00 a year; 20c a copy; payable in advance. The **Magazine** is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can be supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. **The Magazine** is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.



PRESIDENT STEPHEN L RICHARDS

In Memoriam
President Stephen L Richards

(June 18, 1879—May 19, 1959)

PRESIDENT Stephen L Richards, First Counselor in the First Presidency, died suddenly on Tuesday morning, May 19, 1959. He would have turned eighty years old on June 18th. The news of his passing brought sorrow to the membership of the Church whom he had devotedly served for forty-two years—thirty-four years as a member of the Quorum of the Twelve and for the last eight years as First Counselor to his loved and esteemed friend, President David O. McKay. During his service in the First Presidency, President Richards has given special attention to the direction of the missionary program of the Church. To that work he gave unsparingly of his great powers and capabilities. The increased missionary work during his years of service bespeaks his influence and effectiveness.

President Richards lived those things which he taught. The sacredness of the home and its perpetuity in the hereafter were exemplified by his personal life. To him and his dearly beloved wife, Irene Smith Merrill Richards, there were born nine children, seven of whom survive him. Including those who became a part of President Richard's family through marriage, there were eighty-four members in the closely knit family circle at the time of President Richard's passing. President Richards and his wife, Irene, have bequeathed a great heritage to their children and to their families and set high standards of family life for the members of the Church as well as for the world.

Relief Society acknowledges with gratitude the interest which President Richards had in it. Preserved in the pages of *The Relief Society Magazine* for many years past are words of counsel and admonition from him. While his mortal span has passed, the influence of his teachings will continue to be felt. It seems fitting to include excerpts so that his own words may speak to us.

The visiting teachers of Relief Society and the work which he envisioned for them engaged his attention particularly:

> I pay my tribute of respect, admiration, and love to the visiting teachers of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In my humble judgment, and to the best of my knowledge, there has not existed in the last hundred years, and there does not now exist, any group of persons, male or female, who have given and now give more devoted, altruistic, unselfish influence and self-effacing service to the children of our Father than this group of Relief Society visiting teachers. They are the quiet, unobtrusive, faithful guardians of our homes. Throughout the years their kindly ministrations have been countless. They, with the bishops, have been the first to appear with offerings of help in times of sickness, death, or other distress. They have fed the hungry, they have clothed the naked, they have comforted the bereaved, and inspirited the hopeless. They have never taken nor received a cent of pay. I believe there is no other such social service of record on a purely volunteer basis (*The Relief Society Magazine*, December 1954, pp. 796-797).

IN many of his addresses, President Richards held up the lofty concept of motherhood, decrying present-day evils, and portraying in beautiful language the love and worth of hearth and home:

I believe that all people are by nature endowed with something of a love for the beautiful in their hearts, and it needs but cultivation and encouragement to develop it into one of the loveliest aspects of living. Almost all are sensitive to color, to form and symmetry, so that good architecture and good landscaping with trees, flowers, shrubs and lawns have a very appreciable effect, even though sometimes unconsciously, upon all persons.

The love of home is one of the great virtues of the race, and undoubtedly the beauty of home has done much to stimulate that love. It is very fortunate that it doesn't take much money to indulge aesthetic tastes, particularly in the care of the home. Cleanliness and neatness are the chief requirements, and personal energy, ambition and pride can supply these. The humblest cottage can be a lovely place, a haven of refuge and a constant delight, if it is but kept neat and tidy and clean (*The Relief Society Magazine*, January 1942, pp. 25-26).

In such a concept [of motherhood] duty comes first. Duty is always rigorous and exacting. It does not tolerate neglect, and it will not permit itself to be subordinated to pleasure and levity. It entails seeming sacrifice, but sacrifice is a word of many definitions and constructions. If we mean by it foregoing many of the quests and liberties for personal pleasure outside family and home then there are many sacrifices. If we include sleepless nights, physical exhaustion, and incessant toil, there is more sacrifice. But if our vision is raised, and we look ahead to the maturity and nobility of lives whom the mother has nurtured and developed, then we interpret all of the self-denial, all of the patient labor and exertion as opportunity for the fulfillment of the greatest mission that can ever come to woman—motherhood, which brings into the world and guides back to God the eternal souls of men.

What such an exalted concept of motherhood, if universally understood and accepted, would do for the homes of men and, through them, for the nations of the world, no one can estimate. It makes a home the mission of a lifetime; it deters divorce; it provides its own rewards; it makes for the safest sanctuary of all the virtues; and, in its higher aspects, it serves to create the prototype of the heavenly status—the eternal home which awaits the faithful of all of God's children (*The Relief Society Magazine*, May 1951, pp. 296-297).

AT this time when hearts are heavy over the loss of President Richards, it is encouraging to read his words of comfort and advice to those who lost dear ones in the war:

If a great grief comes to your home, you will need help. Nothing is more precious than one's own flesh and blood, and the loss of a manly son, a devoted husband, or father, or a life mate-to-be is not easily requited. Kinspeople, good friends, and neighbors may come to bring you sympathy, love and kindness. This will help, but it will not be enough. You will tell yourself that he died in a great cause—in the service of his country. You will convince yourself that it was a noble sacrifice. You will be proud of him, but your heart will still ache and you will have an irrepressible longing once more to see his face, to hear his voice, and have his arms around you and feel again the warmth and tenderness of his loving embrace. Surely you will need help. I know of one source only from which that help may be secured. It is from this selfsame Jesus who gave His life for others and, on the third day, took it up again. Even with His help you will still weep, but you will not weep in vain. If you will let Him, He will take away all bitterness from your loss. He will touch your broken heart and it will mend, not all at once perhaps, but gradually and surely. If you will listen to the voice of His Spirit and His holy Word, He will convince you that your loved one is not lost but only separated from you for a time, and that you may confidently look forward to a happy companionship in the not-too-dis-

tant future where there will be no more war, no more cruelty, and no more sad partings from those we love (*The Relief Society Magazine*, April 1944, page 197).

SPEAKING of the love he bore President McKay, President Richards wrote:

I have tried but never been able to express the gratitude I feel for the high privilege of being admitted to the circle of his intimate friends. If I may be permitted to remain within that circle for the period of this life, and for the life to come, I shall feel that I have won a blessing of incomparable value (*Relief Society Magazine*, June 1951, page 368).

President Richards testified of the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and in one discourse he spoke of his contributions to the world, closing with an earnest appeal to all men to investigate the truth:

One of the features of temple work should for emphasis be specially mentioned. It is the sealing of husband and wife in the eternal covenant of marriage. Joseph Smith taught that the family circle is the foundation of exaltation and that its projection into eternity is heaven itself. He sanctified the association of loved ones. He made the father a priest and the mother a priestess in the temple of the home. If his glorious interpretation of this divine institution could have general application, the ills of society would be cured and the brotherhood of mankind established. This contribution alone entitles him to a place on the very summit of distinction among the world's philosophers and benefactors. . . .

If any man has received in his heart the witness of the divine truth embraced in the contributions of the Prophet Joseph, I charge him to be true,—true to his testimony, true to the Prophet, the founder, true to the cause and its duly commissioned leaders, true to the covenants he has made in holy places, and true to the brotherhood of man in the service that he renders. If any man has not received this witness, I appeal for his thoughtful, prayerful, sympathetic consideration. I offer to him, out of the experiences of my life, a humble but certain assurance that if he will receive and apply the teachings of Joseph Smith he will be made happy. Doubt and uncertainty will leave him. Glorious purpose will come into life. Family ties will be sweeter. Friendships will be dearer. Service will be nobler, and the peace of Christ will be his portion. I so testify in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen (*The Relief Society Magazine*, December 1936, pp. 740-741).

Happiness and joy will come to anyone who studies and follows the teachings of the gospel so eloquently set forth by President Richards.

Summit

Maude Rubin

This mountain summit knows no gentle mouth
Of summer's kiss, nor warmth, nor tropic sun;
Though its foot is planted greenly in the south,
It lives with stars and clouds. . . . All climbing done,
It stands alone; its tranquil brightness flares
White above white in layered winter snow,
Stillness to silence stillness, breathing airs
Of rarified aloofness. . . . Who can know
The everlasting loneliness of peaks
Where only God in slow creation speaks?

America's Challenge — Individual Righteousness

Elder A. Theodore Tuttle
Of the First Council of the Seventy

In the souls of its citizens — will be found the likeness of the state — which if they be unjust and tyrannical then will it reflect their vices. But if they be lovers of righteousness confident in their liberties — so will it be — clean in justice — bold in freedom.

THIS statement, carved in marble in the Oregon State Capitol Building, embodies the challenge for individual righteousness for all citizens of this land —and particularly for Latter-day Saints. They know that this great land, the people who inherit it, and those who govern the people have a special responsibility to our Father in heaven. Revelation has made clear that through the blessings of God this nation is "choice above all other lands," not only in physical and national resources, but in the type of constitutional government that prevails in this land — giving us freedom of opportunity and growth. Latter-day Saints also know that these marvelous blessings and great promises are predicated upon solemn and exacting obligations on the part of the people of this land.

Few warnings are sounded more clearly in The Book of Mormon than the call to, and necessity for, individual righteousness. In the Book of Ether we read:

> Behold, this is a choice land, and whatsoever nation shall possess it shall be free from bondage, and from captivity, and from all other nations under heaven, if they will but serve the God of the land, who is Jesus Christ . . . (Ether 2:12).

Members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints believe that our country's Constitution is no mere manmade document. The Lord affirms, in the 101st Section of The Doctrine and Covenants, that he suffered the establishment of the laws and Constitution which govern this people, and he states that "for this purpose have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose, and redeemed the land by the shedding of blood" (D & C 101:80).

One hundred and eighty-three years ago this month our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation. It cost them something — suffering, privation, destitution, blood — everything. They wanted to breathe the air of independence and were willing to pay the price that was exacted. Theirs was a new experiment among the nations of the world. The "new nation" was to be different. It was to become the American system. One may wonder how and where the idea was born, since there was no precedent for it anywhere on the globe.

> It seemed to spring out of the American soil, and in course of time attained a healthy growth, for here in the great open spaces no old-world power could suppress it (*Sunshine Magazine*, November 1956, back cover).

Latter-day Saints clearly understand that God raised up men to formulate such an idea and gave inspiration to them to do so.

Their ideas of government were em-

bodied in the Constitution — of which "we the people" were the authors. Thus their rights were defined and safeguarded. Freedom of speech and of the press and the worship of God was guaranteed to every citizen from the least to the greatest.

In that atmosphere of guaranteed liberty our nation has become a commonwealth of some one hundred and seventy-five million people. Its independence long has been taken as a matter of fact.

But in that independence can lie danger. If liberty is made to work, to realize its aims, it becomes its own vindication, and men will not willingly turn from it. But woe unto those who would willingly turn back from this plane of liberty to become a mere gadget in a political machine (*Ibid*).

Each of us must be willing to pay the price in effort, education, and service to maintain this hard-won independence.

If our liberty is lost to us it will not be through invading armies, but through the degeneration of the people. Against that possibility our forces must ever be mobilized and our lives dedicated.

J. Edgar Hoover echoes this challenge to Americans to be full-time patriots:

There is no place in America for part-time patriots. If our nation is to live, if we are to continue to enjoy the fruits of liberty, we can do no less than follow the example of the men who won that freedom for us. Freedom, while a heritage, must be rewon for each generation.

With complete selflessness and with blazing intensity of spirit, our forefathers dedicated their lives first to securing and then to maintaining, freedom. They knew at first hand that life without freedom is intolerable. And so they dreamed of freedom, fought for freedom, lived for freedom, breathed it and spoke it, prayerfully and without self-consciousness.

Benjamin Franklin could say simply and eloquently, "Where Liberty dwells, there is my country." And when the salute of cannon in celebration of the Fourth of July reached his ears, a dying John Adams could arouse himself long enough to murmur "Independence forever!"

Independence, freedom, liberty — are words that ring like exulting bells! Today we need such bells to be rung. This nation is face to face with the gravest danger ever to confront it. The menace of Communism is no simple, forthright threat. It is a sinister and deadly conspiracy which can be conquered only by an alert, informed citizenry dedicated to the preservation of the principles on which America was founded.

If our nation is to retain its liberty in the future, now, as never before, its citizens must understand that the inescapable price of freedom is eternal vigilance. And eternal vigilance, with dedication to its cause, brings unity and strength in time of crisis (Used by permission of J. Edgar Hoover, Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation, and reprinted from *This Week Magazine*, copyright 1956 by the United Newspapers Magazine Corporation, reprinted by permission).

Such unity and strength characterized the pioneers who came to these mountain valleys and wrested from a desert a flourishing empire. This was not won, however, by reliance on the Government, nor was it done by some patronalistic scheme — it was done "on their own." It took co-operation and individual effort.

Their faith in God was such that they believed he had brought them here. And they were right. And they believed too that whatever he commanded them to do, he would assist them in performing. So in him, they had a mighty helping hand. But he would only work through them. It was their effort which must make the desert blossom as the rose. They must plow, and they must water. Then he would give the increase.

It was a great faith. And the results were equally great. On their own they attacked the dried up land, flooded it, plowed it, planted it, and flooded it again. Crops grew, cities appeared, they produced a beauty spot. . . .

They learned that there was no helping hand to give them security. There was no escape from want and fear except as

they provided it for themselves. There were no socialistic ideas in their minds. They were individuals. They knew they must work for what they got. They knew that the very foundation of success for a man, a family, or a nation, is in honest toil, wherein every man gives honestly of his effort for what he gets, and where all expect to support themselves, and make the best of their conditions ("Church News," *Deseret News* Editorial, July 18, 1951, page 16).

DURING the month of July, which is doubly significant to Latter-day Saints, it would be well for parents to teach the *real* meaning of the "Fourth" and the "Twenty-Fourth." No doubt, occasion should be taken during the family hour in July to instil appreciation for the dedication to the great ideals of freedom and liberty and work that made these events significant.

It would be well for parents to clarify their thinking, as well as to help their children understand that God's purposes require adherence to great ideals; and that the threat to these ideals is often insidious and hidden behind fine-sounding phrases actually opposed to God's teachings.

Whereas at one time Americans were self-reliant, each individual wanting to work out his own welfare, now many talk in terms of a "security" which they hope to get very largely from someone else.

And where once a premium was placed upon productive effort, there is now the hope of doing as little as possible in order to get as much as possible.

Artisans who once took pride in pointing to their high production, now have become part of a regime which holds down production to a certain maximum, which generally is far beneath a man's normal capacity. And yet full compensation is asked for that type of service.

The "get something for nothing" attitude is crowding out old-fashioned Americanism. It is entirely different from the thinking that forged greatness into our country. As a youthful nation, moving forward, crossing old frontiers and making new ones, for years we put a high value on productivity. Now many are slipping away from it. Is it a wholesome condition?

America is a Christian nation, built largely upon Christian principles. Is this new attitude in keeping with true Christianity?

The spirit of the gospel is the spirit of productivity. The Savior taught men to "bring forth much fruit"; he told the story of the "unprofitable servant"; he said that branches which do not produce should be cut off ("Church News," *Deseret News*, Editorial, July 25, 1951, page 16).

Fundamental to the maintenance of our God-given freedom is the necessity for religion and morality. George Washington said:

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens.

The challenge to maintain freedom, liberty, and independence in reality is a challenge to individual righteousness. Mothers ought to concern themselves with the basic things that underlie morality and religion.

Let us teach our children the necessity of industry, temperance, cleanliness in dress, person, and ideals; generosity, co-operation, studiousness, integrity, honesty, and service.

These character attitudes inculcated into our children in their youth will do more than all else to maintain and perpetuate the great ideals for which blood was shed and sacrifice made by those who founded and preserved this Nation.

Fanny Steenblik Kienitz Appointed to General Board of Relief Society

Elsie M. Belliston

FANNIE STEENBLIK KIENITZ

FANNY (Fenneken) Steenblik Kienitz was appointed a member of the General Board of Relief Society May 13, 1959. In her life the gospel has been in very deed a way of life. The rich experiences it has brought to her span the ocean and reach into the mission field.

She was born in beautiful Arnhem, Holland, to Frederik and Janna Tempelman Steenblik. Her parents accepted the gospel and came to America in time for Fanny to enter kindergarten.

In Salt Lake City, Fanny's father, the Dutch shop owner, became a farmer and dairyman. His family grew until it numbered eleven. They understood the sacrifices that are made by converts to the Church who come to a strange land to make their home.

Sister Kienitz grew up in the schooling of the Church and assisted in ward activities and entertainments, and served in positions of secretary, teacher, and counselor in ward auxiliaries.

She married Willard Smith in the Salt Lake Temple. They were blessed with one son, Willard Steenblik Smith. She was sustained in the long illness and death of her husband by her faith and her loyal family.

Two years later she was called to the East Central States when that mission was organized. She served as mission Relief Society president under the direction of Mission President Miles L. Jones, for the two years of her mission. She returned home to the care of her son and the activities in her ward and stake.

Her son Willard Steenblik Smith and his wife Emily Bringhurst Smith are the parents of four children.

When she married William H. Kienitz she moved to Emigration Stake, and, in 1950 when University Stake was created, she became its Relief Society president. In 1956 she was appointed group leader of the Relief Society Presidents Department of the Salt Lake Welfare Region.

Sister Kienitz has great willingness and capacity for work. She is anxious to consider others' points of view. She has a humble heart and great faith in our Father and the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The Gulf States Mission

Preston R. Nibley

Assistant Church Historian

AT a meeting held in New Orleans, Louisiana, on June 19, 1955, under the direction of Harold B. Lee and Mark E. Petersen of the Council of the Twelve, the Gulf States Mission was formed. It included the States of Texas and Louisiana, and all of Mississippi except seventeen counties in the northern part of the state. Legrand F. Smith, who had been presiding over the Texas-Louisiana Mission, was chosen as the president of the new mission.

On the same day that the Gulf States Mission was formed, the New Orleans Stake was organized, with a membership of 2,580. The membership of the mission was given as 4,996.

Elder Alma Sonne, Assistant to the Twelve, visited the Gulf States Mission in October 1956. On his return to Salt Lake City he reported that there were eight districts and thirty-one branches in the mission, and that baptisms of new converts would reach 400 during the year 1956.

President Legrand F. Smith served faithfully as president of the mission until August 1957, when he was released to return to his home in Spanish Fork, Utah. Lincoln F. Hanks of Salt Lake City was called to

Submitted by Emma A. Hanks
Courtesy, Mississippi Agricultural and Industrial Board

THE HISTORICAL BILOXI LIGHTHOUSE BUILT IN 1848

Submitted by Emma A. Hanks
Courtesy, Louisiana Department of Commerce and Industry

EVANGELINE'S GRAVE IN THE CHURCHYARD OF ST. MARTINVILLE, LOUISIANA

The near-life size bronze statue was given to the town by the actress Dolores del Rio who played the title role in the film *Evangeline* which was made in this locality a number of years ago.

succeed him. President Smith, reporting the mission on his return, said that "the future looks bright in the Gulf States Mission." He stated that baptisms had increased from 168 the first year to 448 the last year he served, and that during his tenure of office seven chapels had been dedicated, and that others were under construction.

Elder John Longden, Assistant to the Twelve, made a tour of the Gulf States Mission, in September 1958, with President Hanks. On his return to Salt Lake City he reported that "the mission is growing. As an example, there are now six stakes in the area of the mission — Dallas, Houston, San Antonio, El Paso, Shreveport, and New Orleans." He pointed out that the mission membership was distributed among twenty-seven branches and ten districts.

On March 30, 1959, it was reported that there were 4,255 members in the Gulf States Mission, located in twenty-nine branches.

Thirty-four Relief Society organizations, with 508 members, were reported in December 1958. Emma A. Hanks presides over the Gulf States Mission Relief Society.

Note: The cover for this *Magazine* is a view of the State Capitol Building in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. See also "Recipes From the Gulf States Mission," by Sister Hanks, page 441.

Blue Voile for Dreams

Norma Wrathall

AT four o'clock that summer afternoon, Janet Davis pulled from the oven a pan of her famous butterscotch-pecan rolls. Little rivers of melting brown sugar crusted over the luscious mounds of nuts, and the fragrance of buttery caramel and browning yeast-raised dough drifted through the kitchen. It tantalized Janet's nostrils and her mouth became moist, for she was hungry, having eaten nothing since morning. She pressed one finger lightly into the sirup and licked it.

M-m-mm- she knew that the rolls were at their crunchy best when fresh from the oven. She could eat one or two and still have enough left for the bake sale next day, as promised. Almost without thought, she opened a drawer and took out a spatula. Then she flung it back, shoved the drawer shut, pushed the pan of rolls back onto the counter and covered them with a clean towel. She would not, she simply would not, eat one more sweet thing. If temptation assailed her, she had but to recall her own image in the full-length mirror at Mina Dee's Dress Shop that very forenoon. She could remember all too clearly how Mina had looked standing there, a black-sheathed blonde willow, her lips pressed into polite silence, as they both watched Jan's efforts to pull up the zipper. She could hear again the smooth little voice—"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Davis. I don't have that dress in your size." This, as Janet, having pulled up the zipper at last, stared in dismay at the bulges above her girdle. Just in time, she had stopped herself from saying, "But this is my size. . . ."

Jan now glanced at the clock and sighed. Time to start cooking another enormous dinner for her husband, Hal, and their two teen-age sons. Hal would soon be home from his work as a machinist, and the boys from her father's farm where they were working during the summer vacation. All three were as lean and muscular as race horses, and they ate like horses, too, she thought, and never gained an ounce. The boys were tall and rangy and tanned; Hal was tall and thick-shouldered and brown, his large face always ruddy and pleasant. Usually, Jan thought of her menfolk with affection. But this afternoon, a tiny line of annoyance was between her eyebrows. How could she diet when she was everlastingly preparing food?

She decided that she would simply go all day each day without eating. Then, when night came, she could sit down and eat a reasonable amount, so that Hal and the boys would not comment. She shuddered to think of the jokes, the laughter, the remarks, if it became known that Mother was dieting. Then she thought of her sister, Elizabeth, who worked in an office in town. No wonder Liz could stay so trim; she was not exposed to food all day; she had no one but herself to fix for, and could eat what she chose. Liz had been a widow for many years. She lived alone in her apartment in the city, now that her daughter had married and moved away. Often she would drive out to see Jan, who lived at the edge of

town, and remark how nice it would be to have a place of your own and a garden, and that big walnut tree to shade the lawn in summer.

AS Jan scrubbed the potatoes and put them into the oven at the side of the meat loaf, she reflected that it would be best to make a green salad. She could eat a large plate of it, with cottage cheese. Her smooth cheeks glowed like pink satin as she worked. Her brown hair had a natural fluffiness that she secretly bemoaned because she could not make it lie flat and "groomed" the way Liz's hair always looked. Jan was pleasant looking, with a quick smile, color that flared warmly in her cheeks, and the easy, effortless grace sometimes noted in plump people.

While the food was cooking, she went into her bedroom and rummaged around at the back of the clothes closet. There in its plastic bag, hanging safely out of the way, was the blue voile dress. She shook it carefully from its wrapping, holding it in front of her, and posed before the mirror. It was what one might call a love of a dress, with tiny ruffles down the front of the blouse and cascading down the full push-up sleeves. Her gaze went on past the mirror and into the day, three years before, that Hal had given her the dress for her birthday. She had put it on, and modeled it for him, turning and laughing, her cheeks flushed from his praise. And then his face had gone sober, he had pulled her close and kissed her, and said, "Dearest, you don't look a day older than when we were married. You're still my girl—and your eyes are just the color—how did I match them so well?" And then they had looked at each other and smiled, their lips tremulous, and had kissed again.

Jan stroked the dress tenderly, then put it back onto its hanger and into the back of the closet. Of course she couldn't begin to get into it now. Her eyes filled with tears and her lips trembled. No wonder Hal had stopped looking at her in that wonderful way. "I'm just a tub—" she murmured aloud. Next thing she knew her brown hair would be streaked with gray and she would be a fat, aging woman. Anxiously, she peered again into the mirror. Yes, there was a gray hair. She yanked it out. Just then, the doorbell rang, and she heard Liz call out cheerily "Anybody home?" And then Liz came on back to the bedroom without waiting for an answer.

"I'm just tidying up a bit before supper," said Jan. "You may as well stay and eat. Did you ever see such a hot day! And me with a baked dinner. But I had to furnish butterscotch rolls for the bake sale tomorrow, so thought I might as well go on with the oven."

"So that's what caused that mouth-watering smell in your kitchen." Liz sat on the cretonne-covered chair and kicked off her shoes. "What a day we had at the office."

Liz was taller than Jan, older, her gray hair waved back smartly, her dark eyes smiling through brown-rimmed glasses. Her cheerful expression was overlaid with the fine lines of years of self-discipline. She was wearing a gray-and-white sheer cotton dress with white organdy collar.

Jan said, "I don't see how you keep looking so cool, in this heat.

And I could almost hate you for being so thin."

"Thin? What brought that up?" Liz laughed. "Did you get your new dress at Mina's sale?"

"No—I didn't find anything. Or —well, if you want to know, she didn't have one that I could get into—oh, I looked terrible! Those full-length mirrors!" Jan hurried out of the room.

LIZ picked up her shoes and followed her sister to the kitchen. Jan began putting the dishes on the table.

She said, "It makes me sick to realize how fat I am. What can I do? Hal never gives me a second glance, any more. I guess he can't stand to. I'm nothing to him but just a cook."

Liz was working her feet back into her shoes. "Oh, Jan, don't exaggerate. You know Hal thinks the world and all of you. And you're several kinds of lucky to have him." She stood up, smoothing down her skirt. "But thank you just the same—I'm not staying for one of your delicious dinners. I'd eat too much. Apparently you haven't noticed it, but I've put on several pounds myself. I had Mina put away a pink suit for me the other day. It's one whole size too small, and I'm going to slim down to it. My motive?" She leaned forward, and moved a plate more exactly into its place on the table. "I'm admitting it to you Jan, and to you alone. Remember Dan Owens, who worked for our firm a year ago and then left for Chicago? I went out with him a bit, but nothing ever came of it. Well, he's back, still single—and he's asked me for a date. He's older than I am—taller—I always regretted that I didn't give him more encouragement before. . . ." She smiled, her cheeks warming. The two women exchanged a long, understanding look.

"Liz, that's wonderful," said Jan. After a few minutes of chatting, she followed her sister to the door, and stood for a moment looking out at the shaded lawn, the roses along the fence, the garden at the side. She thought of the fruit trees in the back yard, and of Hal's work in what he called their "thumbnail farm," of his efforts to keep their home attractive and secure. I am lucky, she thought humbly.

As she turned back to her work, she had made a resolve of her own. She would wear the blue voile dress to the Relief Society opening social in September!

For a week, she held to her breakfasts of dry cereal and weak milk and unsweetened fruit juice, her lunch of lettuce and cottage cheese. But it seemed she was forever stopping herself from tasting as she cooked dinner. By the time night came, she was famished.

At the end of the second week, the sisters compared notes. Jan sighed. "Oh, Liz, you look as if you'd fallen away to a shadow. I've lost three pounds. I'm starved all the time, and I can hardly see any difference."

BUT Jan did not resent her sister's slimness. Liz was the soul of kindness and encouragement. It was just that she must have been born with great will power, Jan thought.

"Well, I try not to think about it. But for one thing, I'm always cooking. And I'm hungry," said Jan. "Besides, it seems to me that

the whole world is in a conspiracy to make people eat too much. Open a magazine, and what do you see? Gorgeous full-color illustrations of delectable recipes. Luscious cakes and pies and desserts, whipped toppings, cream, bananas, all the rest of it. Then, on the next page, like as not an article advising people against gaining weight."

"I can see your point," Liz smiled.

Jan went on bitterly, "It isn't fair, the emphasis that's put on food. Just the other day, I heard a friend telling that she and her husband were looking forward to a reunion with a couple they hadn't seen for years. And what were they planning for entertainment? Eating, of course. They'd saved enough money to go to some swanky restaurant. She was thrilled over food. It's depressing."

Liz said, "It's true. But you don't really look fat, Jan."

"That's sweet of you. By the way, how's your romance coming along? And what will you do if he asks you out for dinner? Then you won't be able to get away with ordering limeade or fruit juice." She asked the question with an air of triumph, as if clinching a point.

"I'll eat, of course. Then the next day, I'll cut down to make up for it."

There were times when Jan didn't know if she really wanted to get thin. Her nerves began to fray, gnawed as they were by the pangs of hunger. Her tongue sharpened, too. A few times she caught Hal looking at her thoughtfully. Once he said, "Hon, you're getting awfully nervous. Maybe you need a rest?" And she had bit back an edgy reply.

One evening she had baked puffy, brown-topped biscuits for supper. She hadn't eaten much all day — a slice of stale rye bread and some soup for lunch — hunger pulled at her stomach and destroyed her will. Almost without thinking, she broke open a biscuit, spread butter onto it, and began to eat. She took another.

Hal came into the kitchen. "A—ha! Eating before meals. Something you won't let us do," he cried, his square face one big teasing smile.

"No — really. I was just — sampling. . . ."

"I'll have one, too, now that you've let the bars down." He plopped a whole biscuit into his mouth. Butter oozed at the corners of his lips. "The boys won't be home. Eating at your mother's. Had to go to baseball practice over on that side of town." His voice was thickened by food. He began spooning out jelly.

"M-m-mm — what a good cook I married. This is the best grape jelly you ever made." He set a plate of steaming biscuits on the table.

Hastily, Jan set on the rest of the meal. "You go ahead and eat," she said. "I—I'm going out on the porch for a few minutes — my head aches — I'll be right back." She fled, unable to bear the sight of his eating.

BY the time school opened in September, Jan felt that she had developed a will of iron. All her dresses were much looser; she had lost seven pounds, though what she referred to as her *fringe weight* fluctuated up and down a pound or two.

One Monday, the day before the

opening social, she went to her room and took the beloved blue dress from its hanger. She held it up, her hands trembling with eagerness. Just to make sure, she could let out the seams a little; there was plenty of material at the sides. Carefully, she basted and stitched and pressed. At last she slipped it over her head. Strange that it wouldn't come down easier—she must have forgotten to undo the side zipper — there — well, it must be caught, or something. She pulled gently. At last the dress came down over her shoulders and hips. She smoothed the skirt. She had planned to get a new girdle, anyway. This old thing was worn out. She hummed a little tune, turning sideways, holding her stomach in. She lifted her hands, and let the soft full sleeves drift back on her arms. All at once, there was a sound at the door.

"Why, Hal Davis. How long have you been standing there?"

She let her hands fall onto her head, and patted her hair.

"Just a minute or two. Why are you trying on that old dress, dear?"

She looked up at him, smiling. "Why, this isn't an *old* dress. It's the one you gave me for my birthday—it's always been my favorite dress. I'm planning to wear it to the opening social tomorrow." For some reason, her smile had begun to feel tight in her flushed cheeks.

Hal had averted his eyes, and his face had become a careful mask. "I—uh—think you should get a new dress for the social, Jan. You deserve something new, once in awhile. You don't need to wear that old one."

Jan sat on alone in the room after she heard the front door slam. Hal had kissed her hurriedly and left. She heard the pick-up truck rumbling out along the driveway from the back of the lot.

At last she took off the blue dress and stuffed it into a bag of old clothing hanging in the hall closet. That's what you get for clinging to something after you've outlived it, she told herself.

She went into the kitchen and began listlessly setting the table. They would have to be satisfied with cold cuts and bread and butter and fruit.

AFTER supper, Jan sat on the front porch in the gathering dusk. The boys had gone to an early movie, and Hal had not come home. She looked out across the lawn. The grass looked dry, and there were little swirls of dust along the path. She got up and dragged the hose around to the front of the house and had turned on the lawn sprinkler when she heard the truck return. She was making a little watering trench in front of the zinnias when Hal came around the house. He was carrying a large box.

"Hi, there, dear. Say, I'll tend to the watering. Why don't you—uh—see what's in this box? Liz sent it over."

Jan continued making a little furrow. She saw with exasperation that it was crooked.

"Liz . . .?"

"Yes. I—ran onto her downtown. She said she didn't have time to come out here. Had a big date on. And she said to tell you she was wearing the pink suit, and that everything looks rosy. Whatever that means."

He took the stick from her hand.

Jan bit her lip. She took the box into the bedroom to open it. There was a note enclosed. "Dear Jan—I went down to Mina Dee's. She had this dress—just came in. I couldn't resist getting it for you. For the social, Liz."

The dress was of brown and brown-tone muted stripe polished cotton, cut on trim lines. Jan slipped it on. How slim it made her look. And her green earrings would be just right with it. She was putting them on when Hal came in.

"Say, that's mighty pretty on you." His eyes met hers in the mirror. He slid his arm around her waist. "I couldn't have you going out in that old dress. Why, those women would think I'd lost my job."

"I didn't know you noticed how I looked."

"Any old time I don't." He took the earring still in her hand and put it on the dresser. Then he put one hand under her chin and raised her face. "It's just that I've been too busy and tired lately to remember that my best girl might need something new once in awhile." He kissed her.

Suddenly she drew back. "Hal Davis. It's strange that Liz would buy me a dress all of a sudden, when she's so busy with her own affairs. And how come—now, just what did she tell you?"

He grinned. "Only that I'm a blundering idiot, and I already knew that. Well, I couldn't buy you a dress. How did I know what to get? So I asked her, if she'd have time before the store closed — I wanted you to have it for tomorrow."

"Oh, Hal. How sweet—of both of you." She leaned her cheek against his work shirt. The thought flitted through her mind that she would never know exactly what Liz had told him, but it didn't seem to matter. "I'm hungry," Janet sighed, and she relaxed against him.

To Benjamin Franklin

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

I'm thinking of you, Benjamin, today.
I'm wondering, were you here, what would you say
About our ventures into outer space,
Our findings that exalted heights erase
The twinkling of the stars? How would you view
The tracing of the jet plane's pearly quill
Above the crimson slope of evening's hill?
What signs would crowd *Poor Richard's Almanac*—

What pithy proverbs, wisdom-sharing knack,
Would cushion air-borne hearts who probe the new?
As one "who seized the lightning" from the sky
With kite and string, how would you simplify
Our plans to reach where we've not been before—
To sound our knuckles on the moon's still door?

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, July 1, and July 15, 1899

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

RETURN VISIT TO NEW ENGLAND: Laurel Hill covered with blossoms was a delight to the beholder, and buttercups, daisies and the hemlock with its gracefully sweeping boughs, and soft, young tendrils, as well as the old magnificent elms that had stood for more than a century, withstanding the storms of New England winters. There is nothing in nature perhaps dearer to the heart . . . than the woods in full foliage as at this season, unless it is the sea . . . for it is past description and past all comparison. . . .

—Mrs. E. B. Wells

LET US HAVE PEACE: Today not only our beloved nation, but the entire world is in a great commotion. War and rumor of war is extant all over the surface of the earth. . . . Fear has taken the place of content. . . . No more you hear from the shop of the smith the clang of the hammer in his great brawny hands on the heated steel at the forge, accompanied by his mirthful song. No more the happy farmer sings all care away, as he gently turns the soil in preparation for the seed, and dreams a dream of contentment in anticipation of a bounteous harvest. . . . No more the wife sings about her work preparing the frugal meal for her dear ones. All is changed!

—Mrs. Josie E. Childs

[An allusion, in part, to the Spanish-American War]

OUR GOD AND HIS PROPHET

No truer friend hath Prophets known,
No truer Prophet saints need seek,
Than he to whom Thy mind is shown,
And by whose mouth Thy voice doth speak. . . .

—L. L. Greene Richards

NEW ORGANIZATION (KNIGHTSVILLE, UTAH): Myself and Sister Daniels visited Knightsville to organize a Relief Society in that branch. . . . Knightsville is a pretty little nook in a rich mineral district. The people have nice homes, and there are many of Provo's old settlers who have had extensive experience in the Church, and will succeed in the Relief Society work. The ride in the railroad car was superb! The scenery in the canyon was grand! It was my first visit in the Tintic District. The following names were nominated and unanimously sustained as officers of the Relief Society: Mrs. Mary Jane Wilkins, president; Mrs. M. A. McCullough and Mrs. R. Haws, counselors; Mrs. Louise Ball, secretary. . . .

—Mary John

TRIBUTE TO OUR WOMEN: Regarding the results [of the meeting of the Women's International Council in London], the grand consummation has been reached of welding together a cosmopolitan body of thoughtful women, prepared to educate their fellow women. Twenty-five years hence the leaven of today will have leavened the whole world, and the irresistible force of public opinion will have raised women to their proper sphere.

—Lady Aberdeen

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

BELLE S. SPAFFORD, general President of Relief Society, has been appointed to the National Advisory Committee for the 1961 White House Conference on Aging. The appointment came from Dr. Arthur S. Fleming, Secretary of the Health, Education, and Welfare Department.

President Spafford, also, was recently elected Second Vice-President of the National Association for Practical Nurse Education. She had previously served as a member of the National Board of this organization.

MISS MARGARET MEACHER, the new Canadian Ambassador to Jerusalem, presented her credentials to the Chief of State in the presence of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mrs. Golda Meir. These credentials were signed by Queen Elizabeth II. This is the first time in history that a British monarch has accredited a woman to head a diplomatic post.

LOUISE LOCKRIDGE WATKINS, director of the George Walter Smith Art Museum in Springfield, Massachusetts, is the only woman in New England to hold such a position.

JUDGE JENNIE L. BARON, sixty-seven, of Brookline, Massachusetts, whose parents came to America from Russia, was named "American Mother of the Year." Mother of three children, she has practiced law for many years with her husband. She is known as the "judge with a heart," particularly because of her helpfulness toward the young.

MRS. VICTOR A. CARLSON (Eva Leona Hansen) of Richmond, Cache County, was chosen Utah "Mother of the Year." Twelve of her fourteen sons and daughters are living, all of them outstanding in their accomplishments. In 1943 this Latter-day Saint family was chosen "National Farm Family" of the year.

MRS. MARTHA ARDELIA HUNTRESS LONG, another Latter-day Saint woman, was selected New Hampshire "Mother of the Year." Mrs. Long has given devoted care to three of her own children and three stepchildren. She has been active in Church and community activities, and at present she is a Representative from Kingston, New Hampshire, in the State Legislature.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 46 JULY 1959 NO. 7

Planning Summer Activities for Children

WHEN the schools of the land close their doors for summer vacation, mothers may look forward to increased opportunity to supervise personally the activities of their children. To use this time to the best advantage is a responsibility for every mother, and one which merits careful and prayerful consideration in consultation with the father. In some rural communities it may not be so difficult to find rewarding training for children, but, in urban centers, it often poses a real problem to keep children busy in worthwhile activities. Yet each child needs to have assigned tasks to perform each day, whether it be housework, yard work, baby tending, or running errands — tasks which can supply a needed allowance and which will bring satisfactions in their accomplishment.

In addition to tasks, mothers will wish to use the free time as a learning, training, and enrichment period in their children's lives. Some schools are now offering handicrafts to certain age groups and languages and science studies to older ones, but the general pattern of a summer vacation remains. However, most communities have summer playgrounds, and, for relatively modest fees, there are opportunities for children to engage elsewhere in music training, horseback riding, swimming, hobbies, dancing, and other interests. Latter-day Saint mothers are fortunate that the Primary provides summer activities and mothers should see that their children receive this valuable training.

One of the most rewarding plans is for a group of mothers to get together and plan activities for their children of similar ages. One mother may offer to teach the group sewing, another cooking, a third may take them for nature walks, or on camping parties, another help them to pass their scout tests or train them as a chorus. Where they may be taking swimming, one mother could do the chauffering for the group. There is no limit to these and other worthy activities that a group of mothers can plan and carry out for their children. As a reward for completing a course, a trip could be taken to a museum, a library, or local point of interest. Supervised activity by an adult with a group of children not only gives each child more of an incentive for learning but makes for better relationships among the children.

But, in addition to experiences with children outside the family, a Latter-day Saint mother will welcome the added time with her children to cement family ties closer. A Family Hour before vacation begins could be devoted to planning summer activities for the entire family. Schedules could be drawn up of things in which each child is interested. The mother and father could outline books which they feel their children should learn to know and love, and incentives could be offered to older children to read

good books for themselves. Daily reading by a mother and occasional reading with the entire family provide lasting memories of joyful occasions. Not only should children delight in the fantasy world of books, but care should be taken to have them know and love books telling of their Heavenly Father and his Son, and great spiritual leaders of the present and past. President Grant always gave credit to the prophet Nephi as a great influence on his life. If children are not introduced to great spiritual leaders when young, they will not have them as their heroes and models. This would seem especially necessary in view of some of the present types of entertainment which invade the very home and introduce unsavory and even wicked characters.

Summertime may be a joyous family experience if the mother in the home plans carefully for the interests of her children and sees that the plans go forward. To make a home where children feel free to bring their friends — in spite of the extra household work which it entails — tightens family ties. A mother who takes time to plan for and with her children from their earliest years and who enters into their everyday activities, will encourage them to look upon her as an understanding friend as well as a loving mother, one to whom they will turn for counsel and advice as their experiences broaden and become a part of the stream of adult living.

—M. C. S.

First in the Valley

For the Days of '47

Dorothy J. Roberts

The quaint rite of dawn's bell and blast are silenced,
That memoried, once, your coming, pioneer.
Yet, long since you came, homeless, stripped of treasure,
I still count blessings you earned for me here.

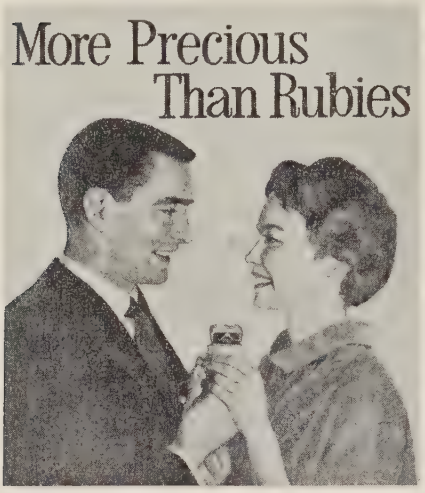
Never a summer deepens in the valley,
With loud light breaking over window sills,
But you emerge from time and covered wagon
To part the circle of these western hills.

July can never arch in azure zenith,
But the lengthening shadow of your height
Monograms our city with your stature,
And I kneel solemn, prayerful in the night.

Never this festive time held in your honor
Moves unseen down my calendar of days;
Against the sacrifice that marked your coming
I test again the tenor of my ways.

"More Precious Than Rubies"

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. . . . She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. . . . Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come (Proverbs 31:10-12, 25).



THE strength and the beauty of virtue have been treasured and found priceless over the long years of earth history — even from the time of the commandment in stone, the "words the Lord spake unto all . . . in the mount out of the midst of the fire, of the cloud, and of the thick darkness, with a great voice. . . ."

Like all of the commandments of our Heavenly Father, the requirement of chastity results in many blessings and much comfort and peace of mind. Freedom from regret — the joy of obedience — reflect upon the personality and are indeed jewels of enduring radiance. The possessor of such treasure, though humble, may walk as a proud woman all the days of her life. Unhampered by feelings of guilt or disobedience, the way of her life becomes more blessed and more beautiful, and all her words and all her acts, in following the path of integrity, make of her life an undivided pathway to a far-reaching goal.

And this goal of a woman's life is not hers alone, for none of us can truly say that her life belongs to herself alone and that her actions have no effect beyond the results which come to an individual. We know that we live in a family setting. We are daughters with ideals in the circle of home, and with responsibilities toward our parents and our brothers and sisters. We share in the family honor, and we contribute to that integrity.

And the woman in her own home, in that place of love and trust —where husband and children look to her for their ideals and their life pattern — there the jewels of her virtue are as a shining light unquestioned by her loved ones who safely trust her counsel and her example.

For Latter-day Saints who understand that earth life is more than an interval between the premortal existence and the time until mortal death — for those who realize that they lived before their time upon the earth, and that they will live forever afterwards, then the standards of the Church and the commandments of the Lord have amplified and eternal meaning.

Even as Paul, the apostle, spoke to the Corinthians: "And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it" (I Cor. 12:26).

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF

Recipes From the Gulf States Mission

Submitted by Emma A. Hanks

Texas Barbecue Sauce

Nicki Bell

1 medium-sized onion, chopped
2 tbsp. brown sugar
1 tbsp. paprika
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. dry mustard
¼ tsp. chili powder
⅛ tsp. cayenne pepper
2 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
¼ c. vinegar
1 c. tomato juice
¼ c. catsup
½ c. water.

Mix together and simmer for fifteen minutes. This sauce is a zesty sauce to pour over ribs during the last forty-five minutes of baking. Recipe makes enough sauce for three pounds of ribs.

Meat Loaf and Corn Pie

Mrs. Henry Barber

1½ lbs. ground meat
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. black pepper
1 egg
1 bell pepper
2 slices bread
½ c. milk
¼ square shortening

Mix meat with salt and pepper. Then add egg, bread, and bell pepper which has been diced. Add milk and margarine which has been melted. Place meat loaf, which has been rounded well, into casserole.

Sauce:

½ c. corn meal
½ tsp. salt
2 tbsp. flour
½ tsp. baking powder
1 egg
½ square shortening
1 No. 2 can whole kernel corn
catsup to taste

Mix flour, salt, and baking powder with corn meal. Then add shortening and egg which has been well beaten. Now add the corn and stir until it is of a very thin consistency. If the corn does not make it thin enough, add enough water to make it the right consistency. Pour in casserole around the meat loaf. Bake in oven at 350° until done. If desired, add catsup to meat loaf just before it is done and brown slightly. Serve in casserole while it is hot.

Cottage Cheese Pie

1 c. sugar
3 tbsp. flour
1 c. milk
1 pt. cottage cheese
1 tbsp. melted butter
3 egg yolks
3 egg whites
1 unbaked pie shell

Combine ingredients in order given, with the exception of the egg whites. Stir all ingredients together thoroughly, then add stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into unbaked pie shell and sprinkle with cinnamon. Bake for fifty-five minutes at 350° temperature.

Southern Corn Bread

Leta McClendon

2 c. corn meal
½ c. flour
2 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. sugar
½ tsp. baking soda
1 egg
1 c. sour milk
4 tbsp. shortening

Sift all dry ingredients together. Add beaten egg, sour milk, and melted shortening. Beat to a thin batter. Pour into two greased pie pans and bake in a hot oven at 400° until brown.

Chuck Wagon Limas

Lola Jordan

4 medium-sized onions
1 c. uncooked lima beans
4 c. water
1 tbsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
1 tsp. sage
2 lbs. short ribs
2 tbsp. flour
1 tsp. dry mustard
¼ c. shortening

Quarter onions and add with beans, salt, pepper, and sage, to the water. Cover and simmer for one hour. Dredge the short ribs in flour and mustard and brown on all sides in hot fat. Place ribs in with lima bean mixture and cover and simmer for two hours. Makes four servings.

Peach Cobbler

Lola Jordan

Filling:

1 qt. peaches, fresh or canned
1 c. sugar (if peaches are unsweetened)

Dough:

1 c. flour
1 c. sugar
1 c. sweet milk
2 tsp. baking powder

Mix dough, pour in pan and dot with butter. Then pour heated peaches, mixed with sugar, over this dough mixture and bake at 350° until golden brown.

Herb Chicken

Jean Roth

1 frying chicken
flour, as needed
3 tbsp. olive oil
salt and pepper to taste
1 lemon (juice)
1 tsp. oregano
1 tsp. sweet basil
1 tbsp. water
paprika

Remove skin from cut-up frying chicken. Cover with flour and quickly brown in skillet with olive oil. Add salt and pepper and the lemon juice. Sprinkle lightly with paprika, oregano, and basil. Add the water, cover, and let simmer for about forty-five minutes.

All-Purpose Mexican Sauce

Marjorie Ricker

2 tbsp. butter
1 small-sized onion, chopped
1 green pepper, chopped
1 clove garlic, chopped
2 tbsp. flour
2 tsp. chili powder
½ tsp. salt
½ c. meat stock
1 c. tomatoes

Cook onion, green pepper, and garlic slowly in the butter until soft, stirring often. Add flour, salt, and chili powder and stir until smooth. Add meat stock and tomatoes. Cook until thick and smooth. Strain if desired.

This sauce is indeed magic. It works miracles in all manner of cookery. It is a sauce that adds unbelievable succulence to chops, roasts, steaks, meat balls, and meat loaves. It makes a marvelous gravy in which to reheat all manner of leftover meats. It is a juice laden with flavor to pour over rice, spaghetti, and noodles. Make it in quantities and keep it in the icebox. Its uses are myriad.

Chicken With Corn-Bread Dressing

Helen Sandifer

4-6 lbs. chicken
3 qts. water
2 green onions
½ medium-sized dry onion
1 stalk celery
1 tbsp. salt

Simmer hen (whole) in large covered pot to which has been added water. About one hour before it is done add the chopped giblets, green onions, dry onion, celery, and salt. When chicken is done remove from pot and put in shallow pan. Put into oven and brown at 400° for twenty minutes.

Corn-Bread Dressing:

3 c. corn meal
1½ c. flour
4 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
2 eggs
2 c. milk

Mix dry ingredients together. Add milk, eggs, and beat well. Pour into well-greased pan. Bake in oven at 450° for about twenty minutes. Bread should be cold before making dressing.

Broth for Corn Bread Dressing:

1 c. chopped green onions
1 c. chopped celery
salt and pepper
1 medium-sized chopped dry onion
4 eggs
1 pt. oysters (optional)

Mix onions and celery well and add eggs and salt and pepper to taste. Add corn bread. This mixture should be slightly soupy so don't add too much bread. Put in large pan and bake for thirty minutes at 375°. Poultry seasoning or sage may be added to taste, or dressing may be divided into two parts, one with seasoning, one without. Oysters may be added just before baking if desired.

Pretending Garden

Helen H. Trutton

LAURA stood watching the young child rollicking among the flowers, occasionally picking a choice daisy, or chasing a bright-winged butterfly. The hillside had been Darlene's playground, Laura thought with resentment. Darlene should be there now — not a stranger.

Apparently the little girl, dressed in a plaid dress that blended so harmoniously with the many colorful flowers surrounding her, was not aware of anyone's presence, for she danced gaily among the wild flowers, her blond curly head bobbing up and down, her childish laughter a merry sound on the silent hillside.

"I could almost pretend it was Darlene again," Laura breathed. "But I mustn't dream."

Vaguely conscious of the continued pantomime before her, she stooped down and picked a flower bud and whirled its stem between her fingers. How many times had she stood in about this exact spot and watched Darlene play in such a manner, or joined her with a basket of fancy cookies still warm from the oven?

With trembling hands, Laura let the flower fall to the ground as she nervously brushed her long blond hair from her face, and wiped stubborn tears from her pale cheeks. Finally, unbearable loneliness prompted her to call out.

"Hello, there."

The youngster stopped abruptly and looked about her.

"I didn't mean to startle you," Laura spoke, walking up to the little intruder.

With a mark of shyness, the child answered politely. "Does this hill belong to you? It's very pretty."

"My little daughter liked it, too," Laura found herself saying kindly.

The girl's face brightened. "Do you have a little daughter just my age?"

Laura tried to control her voice. "Yes," she answered simply.

"Then maybe we could play together. I've been lonesome since we moved here."

Any resentment Laura had experienced when she first saw the girl on the hillside melted away when she caught the look of happy anticipation in the youngster's face. Laura took a few short steps and looked toward the house. She imagined she was back in Darlene's room — the room she had kept exactly as Darlene had left it. Her favorite doll, a shabby one, was seated at a small table, set for two, while her best doll was tucked away in a box in the closet. She recalled Darlene's explanation of her choice of the less attractive one. "I know her better, Mommy."

"I'll be going now," the girl finally remarked. "I didn't mean. . . ."

LAURA turned quickly back to the forgotten girl, who was nervously fingering the bouquet she held clasped in her hands. "Oh, I'm sorry, dear." She placed her hand on the youngster's head and spoke softly.

"You see, she became very ill — and she's gone away."

"I'm awfully sorry about your little girl. My Daddy is sick, and I come here often and pick him flowers, and I pretend he is well again."

Laura reached out and took the child's hand in hers. "And I'm very sorry about your father. And your mother?"

The youngster waited a moment before answering. She was wondering if she, too, like the lady, should take a long time to reply. "With your little daughter, I suppose,'" she finally announced. "Mrs. Riggs is our housekeeper. She's pretty old, though."

"What's your name?" Laura asked, making herself comfortable on a nearby large rock.

"It's Cynthia Kent, but everyone calls me Cindy."

"I'm so glad to meet you, Cindy. I'm Mrs. Carlson. You must live in that house over there?" she asked, pointing to the white house a short distance down the lane.

"Yes, we moved here so Daddy could be quiet and rest. Now I must go home." With that remark, she reached down and plucked one more daisy and started down the hill.

"But, you will come again?" Laura called after her.

"Oh, yes, every day if you don't mind. I'm happy here, pretending," she shouted happily.

Laura watched her out of sight, and then arose from the rock and walked slowly down the hill toward home.

"Pretending Garden," Cindy had called the hillside. A suitable name, Laura thought wistfully. Hadn't she momentarily pretended the child chasing butterflies was Darlene?

ROBERT was descending from the upstairs, probably from Darlene's room, as Laura entered the front door. "I've been looking all over for you, darling. Where have you been?"

"I went to the hillside. It's the first time I've been there in a long while." She sat down on the davenport and smiled at her husband. "I met a little girl out there today, Robert."

"Who was she?"

"Cindy Kent."

"I just heard about the Kent family this morning," Robert added as he joined her on the davenport. "Did . . . you enjoy yourself?"

"She's very sweet." Laura shrugged her shoulders and continued, "Oh, I guess I felt a little resentment at first, but she's such a lonely little child."

Robert bowed his head, and after a long silence spoke, "I don't suppose they'll be here too long."

Laura turned pale. "Don't you think so?"

"Mr. Kent is very ill."

"I know," she answered. "Robert, let's call on them. Maybe we could help."

Robert slipped his arm around her shoulder. "I think we should. How about tonight?"

It was a short walk to the Kents through the hillside trail. Neither Robert nor Laura spoke as they walked hand in hand until they were near the home.

"I'm glad she found the hillside lovely," Laura tried to sound casual. "Darlene loved to play there, you

remember?"

"I remember," Robert gave her hand a squeeze, "so very well."

Cindy greeted them at the door, and taking Laura's hand, announced. "Daddy's in the living room. I'm glad you came."

As they entered the room, a tall, thin man arose and extended his hand. "You're Mr. and Mrs. Carlson? How kind of you to come. My daughter has talked of nothing but the beautiful, friendly lady she met today on the hillside."

"I think the admiration was mutual," Robert grinned.

Mr. Kent motioned them to the davenport. "Please sit down. I hope my daughter didn't annoy you, Mrs. Carlson."

"Oh, no," Laura answered quickly. "Not at all."

Robert leaned forward. "We'd like to help, Mr. Kent."

"You already have," the ill man replied. "We've been a little lonely since we moved here. And thanks for letting Cindy play on your hill."

Laura smiled down at Cindy, who had seated herself next to her on the davenport. "I hope to see you tomorrow in the garden, Cindy."

Cindy's eyes filled with tears. "Tomorrow, I must pretend very hard."

LAURA made no comment to Robert about Cindy's statement on their way home. But she kept wondering if Mr. Kent were worse, if they were moving, what the child had meant? Perhaps the youngster was only letting her imagination run away with her. Darlene used to, she remembered.

Finally, Robert broke into her thoughts. "Why don't you invite that little Kent girl here sometime? Darlene had so many toys."

Laura didn't speak until they were at the house, and then she turned and spoke coldly. "I'm leaving the room just as Darlene left it."

The next afternoon and every afternoon during the summer, Laura and Cindy met in their private hillside garden. Soon Laura was making fancy cookies and lemonade, and sometimes Cindy would come lugging a basket of goodies Mrs. Riggs had made.

On such occasions Laura would call out happily to the approaching youngster. "All must be well at your home today."

Usually Cindy would answer, "Daddy is better today." Once she added, "I don't pretend so much anymore."

"You're growing up," Laura gave her a hug. "We all have to face reality sometime. Some just do it sooner than others."

Then one day Laura found Cindy sitting quietly on the rock ledge. "Daddy would like to see you and Uncle Robert tonight if you can come over."

"Is your Daddy worse?" Laura asked, breathlessly.

"I think so. The doctor stayed a long time yesterday and talked to Daddy."

Together Laura and Robert had made many trips to the Kent home, but tonight was different. Laura found herself wishing the distance was further. She was certain the news was bad, and she dreaded to face facts.

"You'd really miss that little girl wouldn't you?" Robert ventured, "yet, you've never asked her to our home."

"No," Laura replied simply. "I haven't."

Mr. Kent raised slightly on his elbow as they entered the room. "I'm sorry to bother you," he remarked.

"No bother I assure you," Robert answered.

MR. Kent leaned back on his pillow for support. "I'll be brief. My doctor thinks with special treatment at the hospital, I have a good chance of getting well."

"That's splendid," both Laura and Robert exclaimed.

"I wondered if Mrs. Carlson would write a letter for me. Mrs. Riggs says she's too shaky, and I'm not up to it."

"Of course," Laura came forward and picked up a writing pad and pen. "I would be happy to."

"You see," Mr. Kent continued, "I want my cousin to take Cindy while I'm in the hospital. Mrs. Riggs has been needed by her older sister for a long time, but she would never leave us."

"Where does your cousin live?" Laura cut in.

"In Detroit."

"Is she, that is, would Cindy be happy with her?"

"I have no choice, Mrs. Carlson. She's our only living relative."

Laura laid the pen down. "Cindy would be a long way from you."

"Yes," Mr. Kent answered simply.

Laura looked out the window to where Cindy was busily making mud pies. Cindy would be living with a stranger — maybe with someone who wouldn't love her. She shouldn't be separated from her father. And then Laura thought of how she would miss the child. Somehow that wasn't too important right now. It was the little girl's happiness that mattered most.

Finally, Laura turned from the window and faced Robert. He smiled reassuringly at her and nodded his head.

"Mr. Kent, could we keep Cindy for you? She could visit you every day."

Mr. Kent's face brightened for a moment. "I couldn't ask so much of you. I might be in the hospital for months."

"We would love to keep her, Mr. Kent," Laura said softly. "You see, we have an extra room . . . so suitable for a little girl Cindy's age."

Search Not Stars

Leona Fetzer Wintch

Find skill to fly to Mars, you say?
Ah, no! Before you search the stars, stay:
Search the secrets of your inmost heart;
Find love, not power, the better part.

Jewels for the Table

Marian Gardner Nielson

THE colorful ritual of jelly making was indispensable in those early days on White Mesa. All the married women — and some of the about-to-be-married-women—quietly plotted their jelly campaigns during the long winter months, when they sat knitting or carding wool in front of the fireplace. The sweet-swelling pine odor from the burning logs heightened their memories of last fall's jelly spree.

Recipes were chosen, discussed, remodeled, discarded. How many grape leaves did Grandma Palmer cook with her grapes? Did Charlotte Ann use three-fourths cup of sugar to one of juice in her Paradise quince jelly recipe? Were the Red Astrachan apples Brother Burnham used to bring in from Red Mesa, better jelly apples than the ones grown on Mancos Creek? Why, Mary Jane actually used an old metal spoon to test her jelly, instead of the one Andrew Peterson whittled out of a cedar limb for her!

Aunt Mary enjoyed making jelly. She liked the deep purple glow of the Concord grape jelly, the delicate pink of the crab apples from Brother Mac's huge tree, the more sturdy rose sheen from her own sour cherries, the deep carmine of the tart English currants from the bushes under the hill at the ranch.

All these familiar fruits and berries were old friends, easy to relax with while turning them into jeweled jellies and jams.

But the juice from the wild berries and fruits was the challenge; its subtle flavor was enhanced by its pure, delicate coloring and fragrant aroma which filled the kitchen and tiptoed into the rest of the house.

It was a golden fall day when Aunt Suzy and Aunt Tamar took their lunch in the old wicker picnic basket they had brought with them from Old Mexico, and drove up to the Blue Mountain. They spent the afternoon picking the dull, marble-sized, purple-black chokeberries from the fragrant bushes. They salvaged a small bucket of late serviceberries which were tucked in under a clump of gnarled oakbrush. It was fun standing on the sides of the old wagon and reaching high for the frosty-red Potawatami plums which hung so temptingly almost out of reach.

Then, on the way down from the mountain, they stopped at the old Hans Bogue field and found a whole patch of groundcherries—plump, pale-yellow, and ready for picking—and just right for a batch of delicately colored preserves.

A Navajo squaw, Young Edith Begay, helped Aunt Eliza pick the black currants from the bushes at the back of the house. She sat cross-legged on the ground under the cool branches, and scraped the currants, leaves, bugs, and all into her tin pail. When Aunt Eliza admonished Edith to pick them cleaner, the squaw very conveniently could not understand English, and only settled her heavy body more firmly into the ground.

Uncle Jense Nielson took a wagonload of youngsters down to Bluff to gather the bullberries from the few

bushes hiding against the red cliffs in Cow Canyon. He had bragged so much about the bullberry jelly his mother used to make, and the children had coaxed so hard to go, that the weary mothers breathed sighs of relief when the heavy wagon, loaded with bedrolls, grub boxes, and shouting children rumbled away down the county road.

They did pick the berries, although the bushes were not so heavily loaded as Jense remembered them when the "Hole-in-the-Rockers" first came to Bluff. Still, the containers were nearly filled. In the course of the day, Susan and Helena climbed up into one of the caves where they had picked cliff flowers the spring before, and then were too scared to come down and Deb's shirt got caught while going through the crack in the Locomotive Rock, and part of it was left hanging on a rock splinter.

It was the children who helped wash the berries, but it took young Frank Redd to invent a machine to sort the "pee-wees" from the good ones. Aunt Lou had to put a stop to that, when the berries all came through the machine mashed to a pulp!

WHILE the jelly was in the process of being made, everything else stopped. Neighbors did not visit; quilt blocks were left untouched; buttons were not sewed on; torn overalls and shirts continued to be worn; houses became cluttered; lamps were not cleaned and polished, nor were wicks trimmed; dirty dishes were stacked out of the way (an unheard of event except at this time). A hodgepodge of crocks, odds and ends of bottles, chipped but unbroken, were placed on the kitchen table.

Then the crucial time of skimming, testing, tasting, came. Children stayed outdoors, careful to avoid making any undue noise. Husbands found work away from the tense atmosphere, or met on the store porch and exchanged small talk.

But the result was worth every effort! A beautiful mosaic was formed with the sun shining through the various colored jellies: the cool green of mint, the sparkling gold of quince and groundcherry, the warm pink and red tones of currants, crabapples, and raspberry, the deep regal glow of grape, plum, and wild berry.

Each woman made more jelly than she needed for her own household. There would be sickness, where a few jars would help ease a crisis. There would be church bazaars and special gifts for guests who would appreciate a delicacy. Then there was stake conference time and week-end guests from all over the stake: Bluff, Mancos, Red Mesa, Monticello, and Moab.

Aunt Mary put her groundcherry preserves in her best cut glass tumblers, and Aunt Eliza used her mother's green hobnail glasses for her Concord grape jelly, for these two women entertained the apostles during the conference week end, and they wanted the very best and most beautiful things on their tables.

It was this colorwheel of glowing beauty that gave luster to frontier life. It was the basis of friendliness and love. It bound the pioneer women to nature and the glories of God, and may be sparkling jewels in their crowns of immortality.

Such a Heavenly Secret

Mabel Law Atkinson

"HOW about it, Doctor, will I make it?" Grandpa Jensen, as he was called by all the children in the small country town, forced a smile as he asked the question.

"Of course you'll make it, Papa." It was diminutive Grandma Jensen who assured him. "Of course you will. Why, he's simply got to get better, Doctor. Home wouldn't be home without Papa."

"Now, Mama, I didn't ask you," and looking into the kindly eyes of their old family doctor, Grandpa asked again, "Will I make it?"

Grandma, who reminded one of Lavender-and-Old-Lace in moonlight, with her white hair and twinkling eyes, interrupted again, "Should I send for the children, Doctor?"

"Mama, darling, let the doctor answer my question. We must face reality, Mama."

"Yes, Grandpa, I'm sure you'll make it." Dr. Hartley's voice was reassuring. "Why you've been so healthy all through the years, I don't think even this siege of pneumonia can ease you out of this world. Not for ten or twenty years yet anyway. And you are improving, you know. You won't need to send for the children, Grandma. You are managing very well. In fact, it's better for Grandpa to have it quiet for a while." His eyes twinkled and he winked at Grandma, then continued, "I wouldn't worry if I were you, Grandpa, you'll make it, but if you have any sins to confess to Grandma here, you better do it and get them off your conscience, old friend."

"Oh, Doctor, always ready with the joking word at the right time, just like when my babies were born — all seven of them — such an indispensable friend you have been, Doctor!"

Doctor Hartley left smiling and Grandpa dozed awhile. When he wakened with a start, Grandma was sitting in the old wooden rocker by his bed knitting mittens for the grandchildren.

"Mama, how do you suppose the doctor knew I had a sin to confess?" Grandpa's voice was almost a whisper.

"My land!" exclaimed Grandma, dropping a stitch. "You must be delirious, Papa. I'll get the thermometer to see if your fever's going up." And before Grandpa could remonstrate or explain, the thermometer was under his tongue.

"Your temperature is the same, thank goodness! My, but you gave me a scare, Papa. Whatever made you delirious, talking about confessing your sins?"

"But I do have a sin to confess, Mama. A sin against you."

"I don't believe it, Papa. Why you couldn't sin against me. You've never so much as spoken a harsh word to me in all our fifty-one years together."

"I know, Mama, but the wrong happened before we were married."

"Hush, Papa! You mustn't talk so. It will make you worse. If you did sin, it was such a tiny white one, it would not even count. You better quit talking and rest now, Papa darling."

"It will do me good to talk, Mama. If I tell you, I can sleep better tonight. Do you think you can forgive me, Mama, for keeping a secret from you?"

"Of course I can, Papa, but we've never had secrets. Always we've talked things over together. We've worked together, met joy and sorrow together. You know we've had no secrets. So rest, Papa darling, while I bring you a bowl of broth."

GRANDMA was at the old wood-burning stove when she heard her name called softly, "Sara Ellen."

Quickly she went to Grandpa, for when he called her that way she knew something new or important or tragic was taking place, like when he brought home the first bananas she had ever tasted, or their first washer, or when he came in carrying little Alice who had drowned in the river.

"What is it, Papa darling?" she asked almost breathlessly, placing her hand tenderly on his forehead to see if he was feverish again.

"Why, Papa, your forehead is moist. You're better, Papa." She kissed him lovingly and a tear dropped on his cheek.

"Why Sara Ellen, you're crying! Don't worry, Mama. It wasn't too bad a secret, and I never even met the *other girl*."

"You foolish Papa! I cry because you are better, really better. You couldn't have a bad secret, Papa, and keep it from me, and a good secret doesn't matter. You needn't tell me, Papa."

"But I want to, Sara Ellen. Will you get my deed box? It's there in the bottom dresser drawer. The secret is in it."

"And what kind of a secret can it be in this little tin box?"

Mama placed the box in his hands and gave him the key which they kept beneath it in the drawer. She watched, her eyes bright, as Papa opened the box and took out a folded piece of notepaper, yellowish with the years.

"I found this letter or part of a letter early one morning near the corral gate when I returned from riding the range to bring the horses in for the day. It was the summer before I met you, Mama, when you were visiting your sister and her family whose place joined mine. Remember, Mama?"

"Yes, I remember, Papa. How could I ever forget meeting you. You were on a load of grain talking to Pete, my brother-in-law. I thought I would never be interested in you, Papa darling, for you had a red face —from the sun and wind. And I had always said I would never marry a red-haired man."

"But my hair wasn't red, Mama. It was never red." Papa smoothed his snowy white locks as he spoke.

"Your hair was a glossy brown, I learned later, but all I saw then was your mustache—and your whiskers—and they were red, Papa."

"Not red, Mama, just sandy."

"And I didn't like your name, Papa. I remember I told Pete that Frank was a horse's name."

"You never told me, Mama."

"And why should I? For when I fell in love with you, it didn't matter, and you could shave your whiskers. You always have, every day, Papa, since we were married."

"To please you, my Sara Ellen. It seems only yesterday that I first saw

you. You were wearing a cartwheel hat and a bustle. I had always said I would never marry a woman who wore a bustle."

"But you did, Papa. I wore one on my wedding day. See, Papa, there we are on the bureau in that wooden frame you made yourself. I remember I stood for a side view on purpose so my bustle would show to good advantage. How elegant I felt in my wedding dress of heavy twilled silk with rows of wide silk lace around the skirt—do you remember the color, Papa?"

"YES, Mama, a deep maroon. The lace was cream color. Wait! I still have a sample I found on the floor when I called to see you one night." And Papa took a small piece of silk and a tiny triangle of lace from a faded envelope he kept in the deed box.

"And I was always so careful to pick up every scrap so my dress for the reception when we got home from the temple would be a surprise to you."

"You were queenly in it, Sara Ellen."

"And you were kingly, Papa, beside me in your celluloid collar, your new suit, and your button shoes. But what about that letter? Who wrote it, Papa?"

"I don't know, Mama. I don't know. And it doesn't matter at all now that I don't know. It's the fact that I didn't tell you about it that matters. I still think it strange I should find it and yet not know how it got there."

"Go on, Papa. Did you read it?" Mama was just making conversation to cover her interest, for she knew Papa had read it.

"Of course I read it, and Sara Ellen, when I had I said to myself, 'I'm going to find that girl and marry her.' But I never found her, and I fell in love with you. I tried not to, Sara Ellen, for I wanted so to find that girl I felt was meant for me—the *one girl* in all the world—but I couldn't keep from loving you, Mama. I tried to tell you about my other love but, I couldn't. It didn't seem right when I *knew I loved you.* Guess I was afraid you might not understand. Now you know, can you forgive me, Mama darling?"

"There is nothing to forgive, Papa. You were just being kind. May I read the letter?"

"Yes, Sara Ellen. It's a lovely message. I know now it was the message I fell in love with. Read it aloud, Mama darling."

SARA ELLEN took the paper, unfolded it, and read:

> Somewhere you are waiting for me as I am waiting for you. Someday we shall meet and recognize the *tie that binds.* I shall bring to you a clean body and mind and a loving, willing spirit, and you will bring the same to me. Together we shall strive to build beautiful and flawless temples for immortal souls, as many as God shall send. We shall walk the road of years together—always together . . . forever . . . .

Sara Ellen ceased, and, almost in a whisper, Papa asked, "Isn't it beautiful, Sara Ellen! More beautiful than ever before with your voice saying the words. Why, my dear, you are crying again. Don't cry, Mama."

Sara Ellen smiled, and her eyes were shining bright as a rain-washed sky in the sun as she spoke softly, "I am crying for gladness, Papa.

How beautiful! Oh, how beautiful! Surely 'our times are in his hand'! I wrote that letter, Papa, watching the sunrise one morning when I was visiting Pete and Tillie the summer before I met you. What a blessed little wind it was that took it out of my hand and carried it to you!"

Stars were in Papa's eyes as he said in reverence, "My own Sara Ellen! So it was you all the time!"

"Yes, Papa darling. Now you must go to sleep and tomorrow we shall watch the sunrise together through your window. Always we shall be together." She kissed him tenderly and he fell into a sound, restful sleep.

"Dear, dear Papa," she crooned as gently as though he were a sleeping child. "Dear, darling Papa. Such a heavenly secret!"

Quoit Tower, San Francisco

Margery S. Stewart

The tower broods
Over the city,
Immobile dove,
Granite winged.
I, like a thought,
Lean from carved eyes
To the far descending
Roofs.
Blueness blows within,
Lapis lazuli of sky
And sea, white peace
Of immaculate cloud.
Under the soaring
Bridges ships come
Proudly from Singapore
And Malta, singing
Of the islands still
Scarved about them.
Hills lie under
My palms, blue earthed,
Hand of fog
On their shoulders.
The city populates
My heart, rocks
In the joyous cradle.

Meletia Miles Makes Sweaters in Unusual Designs

MELETIA Miles, Afton, Wyoming, knits sweaters for children and adults, following patterns of unusual design in attractive and appealing color combinations. In two years, in her spare time, she knitted seventy-two sweaters and a pair of gloves. Her spare-time hobby has now developed into an interesting and successful business. Her orders come from many cities of Continental United States and Hawaii. Most of the sweaters are made in sports yarn, but a few are done in knitting worsted yarn.

Mrs. Miles' accomplishments with her knitting hobby are even more remarkable because she is not a woman of leisure. Among other interests, she operates a beauty shop. An active worker in Relief Society, she has served as secretary treasurer, social science class leader, and work meeting leader.

The Silver Leash

Beatrice Rordame Parsons

Chapter 7

Synopsis: LaRue Harding, an orphan, who has lived since childhood in California with an aunt, goes to Fivelakes, Arizona, after the death of her sister Amelia. She tries to help and encourage her brother-in-law Herbert Vetterly, who is confined to a wheel chair. His children gradually come to accept LaRue as a friend and as a member of the family. She meets Dr. Alan Rutherford, a surgeon at the Jonas Harding Hospital, and his fiancee Gladys Drew. "Grandie," Dr. Rutherford's grandfather, takes a liking to LaRue. Herbert Vetterly, after a successful operation performed by Dr. Rutherford, is able to walk about the house, and he begins to take more interest in his children and in his architectural work. "Grandie" and the Vetterly family decide to turn Hillhigh House into the "Amelia Museum."

THE idea of the *Amelia Museum* caught like wildfire at the hearts of the people of Fivelakes. LaRue was amazed — yet delighted — at the enthusiasm which welcomed the idea.

People came to the house to talk to Herb, almost the minute he came out of the hospital. Dr. Alan said it was all right, as long as Herb didn't get overtired. He was still in his wheel chair, but each day he did a little walking about the house.

He was so changed that LaRue felt the happy tears on her lashes every time she looked at him. He had no reluctance to meet his friends.

Several times he had gone riding with Dr. Alan and Gladys while the doctor visited other patients. On one occasion, when Gladys had an appointment at the beauty salon, LaRue went with Dr. Alan while he called on Mrs. Lawson. Mrs. Lawson, a pretty middle-aged woman in a flowered smock, shook hands cordially with LaRue.

While they were there, the other children insisted on opening their piggy-banks to donate to the building of the Amelia Museum. LaRue took the pennies from their hands, and smiled.

"We're keeping a list of names." She took them down in a little notebook. "I'll give this to Erma. She's taking care of everything."

Erma was a sort of self-appointed secretary. Later, when the money was in, there would be a committee. Until that time, Erma worked with her father, consulting with him for hours at a time.

Joel and Eddie — constantly grease-stained and dirty now — were working hard on the engine of the old car. They were polishing lamps, sanding fenders, sparking the motor. The first time it gave a small cough, Joel and Eddie beamed excitedly.

"If we get it fixed," promised Joel, "we're going to enter it in the old cars division of the parade at the Founding Festival."

The Festival was drawing near.

There were banners across the downtown streets, and the windows in the shopping district blossomed with dazzling play clothes and authentic Indian, Mexican, and prospector's clothing.

Erma, who was going to wear a frock designed from a Mexican Senorita's costume, with glittering pink and silver sequins on the huge roses on the skirt, looked a little guilty because it was so becoming.

"Am I vain," she asked, "wanting to look nice for Bob?"

LaRue shook her head. "Not vain, darling. Just proud. It's natural for a girl to want to be pretty for her best beau. Perhaps if I had a young and handsome escort, I'd be thinking about a pink or blue frock for the occasion." She paused, remembering that Gladys would be wearing blue. She said gaily: "But I'm sure Grandie won't mind that my yellow dress is three years old."

Erma nodded: "I'm sure he won't. He likes you, Aunt LaRue, very much. He says that you're a lot like Mother — like your sister — though you don't look much like her." She hesitated, "I heard Dr. Alan say, a long time ago, that yellow was his favorite color."

LaRue was annoyed to find herself blushing a little. But she was glad to know that Dr. Alan liked yellow. She didn't mind wearing the dress so much, knowing that!

Erma, staring at the glowing roses on her dress, said simply, "Bob won't be cutting the tops off carrots much longer, LaRue. When he begins his classes at the U, they're going to let him work in the office. It will be good training, you know. He's taking business management." Her eyes were bright. "Bob's very brilliant. He is going to amount to something, one of these days." Pride beamed in her face.

She looked like a pink rosebud, as she slipped into the frock. LaRue helped pin it here and there, and after it was stitched, Erma hung it away, ready for the square dancing.

THE morning of the Founding Festival found the huge, golden sun laced with cotton clouds which kept the day from being too warm. They all went to the parade and sat on the curb to watch "The Sons of Cochise," in weirdly feathered costumes do the "Dance to the Sun."

Other Indians — Pueblo and Hopi — came in undulating procession carrying their gifts to their Indian gods. Some of their faces were garishly painted, but every Indian carried himself with the pride of his tribe.

There were magnificent, flowered floats, with beautiful girls. There were little gray burros, and streamlined palomino horses. The history of Fivelakes unraveled before LaRue's eyes, and everywhere she found that history laced with the name *Harding*.

After the parade they rode out to Blue Lake, carrying their picnic baskets. Herb in his chair, was happiest of all. He could walk a little, but he must not get overtired. Now that his chair was no longer a necessity, he did not mind having Joel or Eddie push him around.

Connie and Janet rode the lavender, green, and white horses on

the merry-go-round as they had promised. But Grandie, under his grandson's insistence, had to be content to watch Bob and Erma sail high into the sky in the Ferris wheel.

Joel and Eddie — in plaid shirts with cowboy boots tucked into brand new Levis — tried out the Earth Satellite, the Atomic Buster, and several other devices which were frighteningly realistic.

Gladys, very pretty in her new blue frock, clung possessively to Dr. Alan's arm until she sighted Earl Meeghan in the crowd. She hailed him, and finding that he was alone, invited him to join them.

"Alan won't mind," she cried flirtatiously, widening her large, green eyes questioningly in his direction. "Besides, we brought enough picnic for half the people at the carnival."

Without the slightest anger, or jealousy, Dr. Alan seconded the invitation, and they all ate under shady trees at a table which groaned with goodies.

Herb, sitting in his chair at the end of the long table, spoke in a happy whisper to his sister-in-law. "I'm a most fortunate man, LaRue, to have such a family. Erma is very like her mother." Herb had learned to speak about Amelia, without apparent emotion. He added softly: "I feel very close to Amelia each time Erma enters the room."

LARUE smiled happily as she helped Grandie to another sandwich. He wore his Sunday-best suit, and his concession to the festivities was a perky string tie. He had tucked a tiny red rosebud in the lapel of his coat and explained it, saying, "Since my date is the prettiest lady in Fivelakes, I want her to be proud of her escort."

LaRue thanked Grandie with a kiss against his wrinkled cheek. She was proud of the old man. She felt as if she had known him since childhood.

After lunch, they strolled about, Gladys with her hands linked in Dr. Alan's and Earl's arms. Her high-heeled sandals picked up rocks, and she waited helplessly while one or the other of her escorts shook the rocks out of her small, slim shoes.

Blue Lake was a mirror for the suds-white clouds above. The beach, edged with colorful booths, swarmed with people. Most of them stopped to smile or speak to their doctor. Gladys waited impatiently until they were through, or strolled casually away with Earl Meeghan.

Once, Grandie meeting LaRue's eyes with his shrewd dark eyes, said mysteriously, "Sometimes doctors need a little of that nasty medicine. I thought I might have to administer it, myself. But now I'm not so sure." His voice was drowned out by the tinny calliope of the merry-go-round which blended with the cacophony of the "Dodge-em." LaRue wasn't quite sure she had heard him right. She was still puzzled over his meaning.

One moment he was like a thoughtless young school boy, riding a green horse beside Connie and Janet. The next he was eating hot-dogs with Joel and Eddie.

Gladys, scandalized, said sharply, "Grandie, you're making a spectacle of yourself!"

He answered serenely, "I'm old enough to do whatever I please. Young enough to enjoy it." He linked arms with Connie and Janice and marched defiantly towards the "Cotton Candy" booth.

Alan's fond glance went after him. "He's having the time of his life, Gladys. He used to be pretty lonely." They saw Mrs. Lawson and her family waiting to ride the "Showboat." Alan's eyes showed sudden worry. "She shouldn't have come."

Gladys tapped a blue sandal. "Oh, darling, can't you stop being a doctor for just an hour!" She was entirely unconscious of the flush that swept over Dr. Alan's face. She linked her hand into his elbow, and called to Earl, "Let's go buy a panda bear for Connie. She'll love it."

LaRue looked after them as they strolled away, and her heart ached slightly for Alan.

The day passed merrily. Erma, in her pink frock, danced with Bob, dressed in matching pink shirt and dark trousers tucked into tooled boots. They made one of the handsomest couples in the square dance, and Herb smiled proudly as he watched them.

"He's a very fine young man," he told LaRue. "Good, steady." It was plain that he liked Bob Powers.

THE day seemed to pass like lightning. All at once the sun disappeared behind the cliffs, and night came to blanket the carnival grounds. Neon lights were dimmed, and only the millions of stars were left to sparkle over the little islands before the fireworks began.

With the first shower of man-made, fiery stars, there were sighs of admiration. Sky rockets dazzled the eyes with emerald and ruby sparks. Fountains dashed their gleaming sprays upwards, and cascades of brilliance fell to the ground. There were set-pieces authentically recalling moments in the history of the town. There were glowing red, white, and blue flags, and the outlined faces of past and present Presidents. When the last glowing outline died, there was dancing in the open-air pavilion.

Erma and Bob were almost the first couple on the floor when the strains of a waltz floated musically over the lake. Joel and Eddie, and some of the other boys who had joined them, stood in the stag line and looked anxiously at a group of pretty young girls nearby.

Herb had insisted that Connie and Janice go home, and Grandie went, too, driving home in a friend's car. Gladys fastened a proprietary hand on Dr. Alan's arm and urged him to dance. Earl cast them a jealous little glance as they glided out upon the floor, and said, "We might as well join them, LaRue." As they swept out into the crowded dance floor, Earl said frankly, "I guess you know I'm crazy about that girl! But what man has a chance against a handsome young doctor like Alan?"

LaRue said evenly: "I don't think it matters whether or not a man is handsome. As long as two people love each other. That's what truly counts, Earl."

She did hope that she didn't sound too old-maidish. She'd had very little experience with being in love. Perhaps the nearest she had

ever come to it was her admiration and liking for Alan. But she was honest as she added, "Any girl should be proud to marry Alan." She knew she was blushing a little, but she wasn't ashamed to praise him.

When the music ended, they stood waiting for Gladys and Alan to cross the floor. LaRue saw one of the older Lawson boys hurrying into the pavilion. He came quickly to Alan's side, his face pale, his eyes worried.

"Daddy said for you to come, Dr. Rutherford. Mom's sick. He took her home. . . ."

Almost immediately Dr. Rutherford's professional manner and anxiety made him turn to leave. He touched Gladys' arm.

"Come with me, Gladys. I'll need someone to help. This is an emergency."

Gladys pulled her arm away, and her face was filled with distress. Her voice was close to hysteria. "Oh, Alan, I can't! I'm no good with sick people. Please don't ask me. . . ."

"But I need you," insisted Dr. Alan bluntly. "It's too late to get Mrs. Lawson to the hospital. Too late to reach a nurse in time. Later, perhaps, but not in time."

Gladys was shaking her head, pouting angrily. "You're spoiling things for me, Alan. Surely you can't expect me to leave the dance. I've planned on it for a long time." Her eyes lifted to Earl Meeghan's face, and she cried, "You go, Alan. Earl will see me home, later."

FOR an instant Alan's face was pale with something like scorn. Then he turned to LaRue and asked sharply, "Are you afraid, too?"

She said, haltingly, "Not afraid, Alan. It's just that I may not know just what to do."

"I'll tell you," he said.

Without another word, he led her to his car, started it, and drove away. He gave concise instructions as he turned into the Lawson yard, telling her exactly what to expect. His face was pale, and his jaw was forbidding. She pitied him, but she knew he did not want pity.

Mr. Lawson came out as they parked the car. His face was strained, frightened. "I sent the children to their grandmother. I'll phone Herb, LaRue, to tell him where you are."

He took them into the neat house, showed them where they could scrub, then led them into the bedroom. Mrs. Lawson was very ill. Dr. Rutherford's movements were kindly, soothing as he gave her a hypodermic. He issued quiet instructions to LaRue, and she brought the things he mentioned, finding them with Frank Lawson's assistance.

They worked speedily together, with few words between them. With a singleness of purpose that was destined to bring a new life into the world, Dr. Alan went about his task.

At last Mrs. Lawson's tiny son was born. "I can never repay you." Mr. Lawson had difficulty in keeping back the tears.

Alan and LaRue went into the kitchen. He stood there digging his strong fingers into the tight muscles at the back of his neck. "Thanks, LaRue," he said simply.

Her face glowed, but she said, "I

only did what any woman could have done, Alan."

He shook his head, and his eyes were clouded. "Not *any* woman," he denied.

She came to his side, laid her hand against his. "I'm sorry, Alan."

His eyes met hers without flinching. "It had to be this way, LaRue. I guess I've known almost from the first that Gladys . . ." He did not finish, but LaRue saw hurt and disillusionment going out of his face.

LaRue went to the window and raised the blind. A soft pale dawn came into the room, fresh and clean as a new world. He came to stand beside her, not touching her, yet very close.

"Everything is waking," he said softly.

For a moment she felt a swift happiness within. Then she told herself that she was reading more into his words than he had meant. But she could not still the sudden glory in her breast, as they went out into the morning together.

The cool desert breeze pressed LaRue's rumpled yellow dress closely about her tired body as Alan helped her into his car. He smiled down at her, wordlessly.

The sun was just a slice of golden thread behind the pink mountains as the car thrust forward into the promise of a brand new day. . . .

(*To be concluded*)

Elizabeth

Ethel Jacobson

So many treasured fragments day by day
Added a richness to the tapestry
She wove of each small strand that came her way:
A curlew's cry above a misty sea;
The purr of a stray kitten that she fed;
A spray of bittersweet against a wall;
Dried tears of all who left her, comforted;
The soft pink wool that was her mother's shawl;
A yellow plate upon a scrubbed pine shelf;
A bit of fragrant basil in a jar;
A well-loved hymn; a loaf she baked herself;
A walk in autumn woods; a wishing star. . . .
She lived alone, we knew, but few could guess
How brimmed with blessings and with thankfulness.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions*.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Irene T. Erekson

AUSTRALIAN MISSION, PARRAMATTA BRANCH HONORS RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS AND COUNSELORS, March 17, 1959

Front row, left to right: present President Margaret Cheatle Gray; Alma Woollett Schofield; Irene T. Erekson, former president, Australian Mission Relief Society; Helen Craig Harker, the first president.

Back row, standing, left to right: Betty Anderson Fortune; Jean Fordham Hale; Viola Grear Innis; Eunice Kneale Metcalf.

Sister Erekson reports: "This branch, Parramatta, used to be Harris Park. They now have a lovely chapel, and these sisters are running a store, taking turns each day, to pay for it. They are a very energetic group, and many of these women spent days of hard work on the grounds while the building was being built. They all have a strong testimony of the Church and of Relief Society work. This small branch was organized August 18, 1957, and has grown steadily ever since, until now they have 161 members."

Edith Josephine Moore is the new president of the Australian Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Mariom A. Woodhouse

SANTA ANA STAKE (CALIFORNIA) RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR ANNIVERSARY, March 14, 1959

Front row, left to right: Mary Chester, chorister; Lillian Whetton, organist. Fifth from the left, front row, Mariom A. Woodhouse, President, Santa Ana Stake Relief Society; front row, extreme right, Nina Riley, First Counselor.

Sister Woodhouse reports that seven stake workers participated in the Singing Mothers chorus. "The chorus has sung for stake conference twice since the organization a year ago."

Photograph submitted by Cora A. Stanard

GREAT FALLS STAKE (MONTANA) RELIEF SOCIETY HONORS VISITING TEACHERS AT CONVENTION AND SPRING SOCIAL, April 18, 1959

Left to right: Ivy Stott, who has served as a visiting teacher for thirty-six years; Mary Christenson, thirty-five years; Vera Nelson, forty-two years; LaVern McOmber, forty years.

Back row, left to right: Rachelle Robinson, forty-two years; Minerva Molen, fifty years.

Cora A. Stanard, President, Great Falls Stake Relief Society, reports that these sisters were honored by each one having a Relief Society pin presented to her. Their names were also placed on an honor scroll in the chapel during the program.

Photograph submitted by Rose L. Moscon

TOOELE STAKE (UTAH), TOOELE ELEVENTH WARD FASHION SHOW
April 9, 1959

Rose L. Moscon, President, Tooele Stake Relief Society, reports: "These are the little models who participated in 'Springtime Fantasy' which was the theme of the fashion show presented by the Tooele Eleventh Ward. It was under the direction of the work department and was presented at the April work meeting. All of the children modeled clothes that were made by their mothers. Members of the Eleventh Ward Relief Society presidency are: Beth Atkin, President; Edna Dobson, First Counselor; Iva Hamilton, Second Counselor."

Photograph submitted by Marie J. Monson

BUTTE STAKE (MONTANA), BUTTE WEST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY HONORS FORMER PRESIDENTS AT ANNIVERSARY PARTY,
March 17, 1959

Seated, left to right: Lura Henderson; Helen Colvin; Harriet Millecam; Norma Heinitz, President; Marie Evans; Eleanor Burt; Lavern Sessions.

Marie J. Monson, President, Butte Stake Relief Society, reports: "President Heinitz presented each of the former presidents with a Relief Society pin."

Photograph submitted by Evalyn B. White

MESA STAKE (ARIZONA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Margaret M. Smith, the chorister, stands at the right; organist Ida S. Church is seated at the left.

Evalyn B. White, President, Mesa Stake Relief Society, reports that these Singing Mothers presented music for stake quarterly conference on three different occasions, the last time being on March 22, 1959.

Photograph submitted by Marilynn H. Pace

ARGENTINE MISSION, CENTRAL AND LA PLATA DISTRICTS QUILT EXHIBITION, February 21, 1959

Marilynn H. Pace, President, Argentine Mission Relief Society, reports: "A long-awaited occasion in the Argentine Mission took place in the Liniers Chapel, February 21, 1959. Relief Societies in the Central and La Plata Districts participated in a quilt exhibition and sale and a special musical program. Quilt making by hand is not commonly done in Argentina, and the project proved to be challenging and stimulating to the sisters who had never tried their hands at quilt making before. The quilts varied greatly in size, color, and pattern, and demonstrated great originality, as all the patterns

were designed by the sisters themselves. Interest and enthusiasm in quilting are high in the mission at the present time, as most of the thirty Relief Societies in this mission have initiated and completed quilt-making projects this past year. The sisters feel happy with the success of their first quilt exhibition, but feel that next year their quilts will be of even higher quality and better workmanship.

"The sisters pictured above represent the presidencies of the nine branch Relief Societies which participated: Quilmes, Vicente Lopez, Caseros, Liniers, Deseret, Villa Sarmiento, Floresta, Merlo, and Lomas de Zamora."

Photograph submitted by Myrl B. Whiting

DALLAS STAKE (TEXAS), FORT WORTH WARD ANNIVERSARY PARTY
March 17, 1959

Front row, left to right: Alice Whipple, chorister; Myrl B. Whiting, President, Dallas Stake Relief Society; Lydia Swanson; Lucille Ford, Second Counselor; Mary Hadfield, President; Karen Hoopes, organist; Jewell Walch, Secretary-Treasurer; Leila Langston, visiting teacher message leader; Sophia Bliss, literature class leader.

Second row, left to right: Mary Vadner; Bernice Matson, organist, Dallas Stake Relief Society; Golda Silcox, Secretary-Treasurer, Dallas Stake Relief Society; Mary Cornwall; Gloria Marchant; Rita Amon; Dorothy Titus; Lois Peterson; Dorothy Davis.

Third row, left to right: Eunice Borgholthaus; Ella Beck, visiting teacher message leader, Dallas Stake Relief Society; Arla Beck; JoDene Porter; Beverly Curtis; Emogene Combs; Margaret Gledhill; Ova Moorman, *Magazine* representative; Norma Vance; Virginia Driscoll; Alma Curtis.

Irene Peterson, First Counselor, was not present when this picture was taken.

Sister Whiting reports: "On this delightful occasion a brunch was served, after which a musical program and book review were enjoyed by the women. The members of Relief Society made the tablecloth featured. It is blue net, with white motifs covered with silver sequins. The flowers are yellow roses. The oil painting in the background is a scene of Texas bluebonnets painted by President Mary Hadfield and presented to the Fort Worth Ward Relief Society at the anniversary party."

Photograph submitted by Roma C. Esplin

ST. GEORGE STAKE (UTAH), SANTA CLARA WARD RELIEF SOCIETY WINS FIRST PLACE FOR SEWING AND HANDWORK DISPLAY AT WASHINGTON COUNTY FAIR

Center front, left to right; ward Relief Society presidency: Gwendolyn K. Frei, First Counselor; Beulah S. Graff, President; Helen S. Hafen, Second Counselor; Roma C. Esplin, President, St. George Stake Relief Society; Alta V. McConkie, First Counselor, Mary Louise H. Hafen.

Back row: Elva D. Leavitt; Sylva S. Graff; Arvina G. Hafen, Selina G. Hafen; Lila H. Hafen; Dean S. Graff; Florence T. Graff, Secretary; Grace S. Stucki, chairman of display; Valda B. Frei; Charmaine Frei; Vella Ruth M. Hafen.

Sister Esplin reports: "The Santa Clara Ward Relief Society won first place at the Washington County Fair with their group display. All the very beautiful articles were made by the women of Relief Society."

Photograph submitted by Vivian R. McConkie

ENSIGN STAKE (UTAH), EIGHTEENTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY VISITING TEACHERS, April 1959

Front row, left to right: Lillian Covert; Mary Cluny; Margaret Brown; Elizabeth Larson; Erma Larson.

Second row, left to right: Mary Rief; Ida Clark; Nettie Smoot; Ella Riter; Minnie Welling; Mabel Lingard; Marie Kraus; Faith Woolf.

Third row, left to right: Eliza Christensen; Orena Tuckett; Mary Kempton; Adele Bird; Margaret Holten; Gertrude Wornham; Mary Hancock Dora Noble; Nancy Drollinger.

Back row, left to right: Tessie Grosbeck; Louise Young; Vera Dotson; Susie Ulrich; Mary Osborn; Fern Mitchell; Mabel Oldom; Edith Langlois; Florence Saxton; Hazel Robertson.

Breta McBride, President, Eighteenth Ward Relief Society, reports that the South Eighteenth West Ward (now the Eighteenth Ward) had thirty-four visiting teachers, who each month visited 227 sisters, all making a 100 per cent record. The historic Eighteenth Ward is one of the original nineteen which were organized within two years after the Latter-day Saint pioneers entered Salt Lake Valley.

Vivian R. McConkie is president of Ensign Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Fern T. Hartvigsen

PORTNEUF STAKE (IDAHO) RETIRING RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENCY HONORED AT SOCIAL, March 12, 1959

Left to right, former officers: President Emaline Marley; First Counselor Mabel Hatch; Second Counselor Virgia Cammack; Secretary-Treasurer Coral Fackrell.

Fern T. Hartvigsen, recently appointed President, Portneuf Stake Relief Society, reports: "These sisters were released on February 1, 1959, following twelve years of devoted service, except for Sister Coral Fackrell who has been Secretary-Treasurer for two years, replacing Alda Anderson, who had moved from the stake. All four sisters have outstanding records of service in the auxiliaries of the Church. They were honored at a stake social, attended by all the officers and class leaders and the stake Priesthood authorities. Each sister of the retiring presidency was presented with one of the new Relief Society pins as a gift, and each was honored with words and special music composed for the occasion. Luncheon preceded the program."

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 17—"Magnify Thine Office"

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: The Doctrine and Covenants, Sections 23 and 24)

For Tuesday, October 6, 1959

Objective: To show the necessity of magnifying one's calling as a member of the Church and also in any position to which one may be called in the Church.

ONE purpose of this lesson, as noted in the objective, is to show that although revelations were directed to certain individuals as members of the Church and also to one nonmember, the application of the truths in the revelations may be made to others. These two revelations also provide an opportunity for us to become acquainted, insofar as we can, with some of the people who were called into the Lord's service in the beginning of this dispensation.

Introduction

Although consisting of only seven verses, Section 23 of The Doctrine and Covenants contains words of admonition and counsel to five persons, one of whom was not a member of the Church. It is worthy of notice that the four members of the Church are declared by the Lord to be "... under no condemnation ..." (verses 1, 3, 4, and 5). On the other hand, Joseph Knight, Senior, the nonmember, is not given this assurance, nor is he told that he is condemned. As we would look upon this circumstance today with what is given in verse 7 to Brother Knight, who became a member of the Church two months later, we can see where he would come under condemnation if he had not affiliated with the true Church. A revelation was directed to Joseph Knight, Senior, almost one year earlier. (See Section 12.) This good man had given material assistance to the Prophet Joseph Smith and did believe that Joseph actually had the Book of Mormon plates. He had desires to assist in the work at that time. Conditions had changed during the year, and the kingdom of God had begun to function on the

earth under divine command. This fact made a most significant difference in the message the Lord gave to Mr. Knight in April 1830. He again sought divine counsel through the Prophet Joseph Smith. In addition to being told of the need for prayer in his life, both vocal and secret, this counsel was given:

> And, behold, it is your duty to unite with the true church, and give your language to exhortation continually, that you may receive the reward of the laborer. Amen (D & C 23:7).

Reasons for Being a Member of the Church — Reflection

What answer would you give to the thought expressed to Joseph Knight, Senior, that it was his "duty" to become a member of the kingdom of God? What reasons are there for your believing that it would be your obligation or responsibility to join the kingdom of God? (Before you read further, think for a few minutes, write the reasons, and read on.) Perhaps some of these ideas may help you:

1. I am a child of God in the spirit and, as his child, in my limited understanding, I am duty-bound to accept his counsel.
2. Jesus our Lord gave himself that I might live amid conditions which provide the use of my highest potentialities.
   a. Jesus suffered intensely, giving his life, that I might be saved from a fate which is described as remaining in misery with the father of lies. (See 2 Nephi 9:9.)
   b. Jesus offered this atonement for me that I might through faithfulness receive "all that the Father hath."
3. From modern scriptures, especially, I have received God's truth which gives me opportunity to know more about *how* I may receive blessings in this life and also in the life to come.
4. I have received the gift of the Holy Ghost which has given to me knowledge (assurance) that The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the only true and living Church upon the face of the earth.
5. The fulness of the gospel has provided opportunities for service to my fellow men, for personal development, and many other joys and satisfactions in life.

Under each one of the above truths, and others which might be listed, there are many reasons for it being my duty to accept the blessings which can come only by being a member of the kingdom of God.

Why It Is a Duty to Join the Church

If, however, you were now to present reasons why Joseph Knight or any other nonmember should become a member of the Church on the basis of "duty," what, in addition to the above reasons, would you suggest?

It is his duty to accept The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints because:

1. It has been restored to the earth after a long period of apostasy when it was no longer present among men.
2. God has commanded that all men repent and accept the message as revealed in the restored gospel.
3. The gospel, as restored, is the same gospel as taught by Jesus and, later, by his apostles, as given in the Bible.
4. The teachings of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are reasonable and consistent with the reopening of the heavens by direct revelation.
5. Evidence of modern scriptures verifies the truth of other scriptures.
6. The fruits of the gospel, as restored, have brought joy and happiness into the lives of its adherents.

Other reasons might be given under each one of the foregoing to confirm either by scripture or otherwise, the validity of those general reasons. If one who has not become affiliated with The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints were to acknowledge the truth of the above statements or even of some of them, he would be duty bound to accept membership in this Church.

Message to Oliver Cowdery

In connection with the Lord's counsel to the members of the Church mentioned in Section 23, it is well to consider, briefly, the facts made known concerning each one.

Oliver Cowdery is told to ". . . beware of pride, lest thou shouldst enter into temptation" (verse 1). Despite the great opportunities that had already come to Oliver in being with the Prophet Joseph Smith when the Aaronic and Melchizedek Priesthoods were restored, and, later, when additional keys of the Priesthood were brought back to the earth, as well as other privileges in assisting to build up the kingdom of God on the earth, Oliver permitted pride to enter his heart with a consequent loss of membership in the kingdom. (See *D. H. C.* III:16-18, for charges made against him and his letter respecting his difficulties in 1838 which brought about his excommunication.) Although Oliver Cowdery returned to the Church, the great blessings that he once enjoyed were not returned to him. However, he died in full fellowship in the kingdom, true to his testimony of The Book of Mormon.

Hyrum Smith, the Prophet's brother, received the blessing that his calling was to strengthen the Church continually. By revelation the Lord called him to be a counselor in the First Presidency in 1837. Later, he was appointed Patriarch to the Church. (See D & C 124:91-96.)

The office of Patriarch to the Church is hereditary and is received by the eldest sons born in the lineage of Joseph Smith, Senior. (See D & C 107:40.) In connection with the call of Hyrum Smith to be Patriarch to the Church, we again learn of the power of prophecy possessed by Joseph Smith. This revelation states to Hyrum that ". . . thy duty is unto the church forever, and this because of thy family . . ." (D & C 23:3).

Samuel H. Smith

Samuel H. Smith strengthened the Church during his ministry as the first missionary of this dispensation until his death on July 30, 1844. How well this revelation was fulfilled is borne out in the life of Samuel as recorded in Church publications. (*Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, pp. 120-121; *L. D. S. Biographical Encyclopedia*, I, pp. 278-282.) In keeping with the prophetic spirit of this revelation, Patriarch Joseph Smith, Senior, on his deathbed gave this blessing to his son Samuel:

> Samuel, you have been a faithful and obedient son. By your faithfulness you have brought many into the Church. The Lord has seen your diligence, and you are blessed, in that he has never chastised you, but has called you home to rest; and there is a crown laid up for you, which shall grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

Otto Done

THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER, NEAR HARMONY, PENNSYLVANIA

When the Lord called you, he said, "Samuel, I have seen thy suffering, and heard thy cries, and beheld thy faithfulness; thy skirts are clear from the blood of this generation." Because of these things I seal upon your head all the blessings which I have heretofore pronounced upon you; and this my dying blessing, I now seal upon you. Even so. Amen (*History of Joseph Smith by His Mother, Lucy Mack Smith*, page 310).

The following excerpt from his obituary notice appearing in the *Times and Seasons* brings to our attention the quality of devotion and attributes of character of this good man.

The exit of this worthy man, so soon after the horrible butchery of his brothers, Joseph and Hyrum, in Carthage jail, is a matter of deep solemnity to the family, as well as a remediless loss to all. If ever there lived a good man upon the earth, Samuel H. Smith was that person. His labors in the Church from first to last, carrying glad tidings to the eastern cities, and finally his steadfastness as one of the Witnesses to the Book of Mormon, and many saintly traits of virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness and charity, shall be given of him hereafter, as a man of God (*L. D. S. Biographical Encyclopedia* I:282).

The Prophet's Father

Joseph Smith, Senior, received a blessing similar to that given to his son Hyrum.

Behold, I speak a few words unto you, Joseph; for thou also art under no condemnation, and thy calling also is to exhortation, and to strengthen the church; and this is thy duty from henceforth and forever. Amen (D & C 23:5).

Specifically, the Patriarchal office was conferred upon Joseph Smith, Senior, and it was to continue in his lineage as indicated above, and thus forever the Church would be

strengthened. One experience in his life does show how his calling was to exhortation. A mission to members of his own family, to whom he bore a strong testimony of the truth of The Book of Mormon, eventually resulted in all of that large family coming into the Church, except one brother and a sister. On one occasion he was unjustifiably put into a "dismal dungeon" where he declared that he ". . . was not the first man who had been imprisoned for the truth's sake; and when I should meet Paul in the Paradise of God, I could tell him that I, too, had been in bonds for the Gospel which he had preached . . ." (*History of Joseph Smith by His Mother Lucy Mack Smith*, page 185). When he was released, thirty days later, he baptized two persons whom he had converted.

Section 24 and the Prophet

As indicated in the superscription of Section 24, persecution of the Prophet became intense shortly after the organization of the Church. He was brought before the court on two separate charges and acquitted both times. (See *D. H. C.* I:86-90.) Notwithstanding the bitterness of mobs against the Prophet, there were many times when words of consolation were given and other things occurred to strengthen his faith and cheer the hearts of his followers. One such instance is given by the Prophet shortly before this revelation (Section 24) was received. The wife of Newel Knight had a dream which enabled her to say that Oliver Cowdery and Joseph Smith would visit them that day. That day found the fulfillment of this dream. The Prophet recorded ". . . and thus was our faith much strengthened concerning dreams and visions in the last days, foretold by the ancient Prophet Joel . . ." (*D. H. C.* I:101).

Verse 1 of Section 24 is to be understood in view of the persecutions of the Prophet and Oliver, while verse 2 points out that they must continue to exercise the principles of repentance in their lives.

Important for this lesson is the significant admonition to Joseph, ". . .Magnify thine office . . ." (verse 3). At this time the Prophet returned to his small farm at Harmony, Pennsylvania, where he began his labors in sowing his fields. This was not the calling of the Prophet, however, for he was commanded to perform the calling which he had received by divine appointment, "And in temporal labors thou shalt not have strength, for this is not thy calling . . ." (verse 9) ". . . but devote all thy service in Zion . . ." (verse 7). The three branches of the Church mentioned in verse 3 were to sustain him, and blessings instead of a cursing were to be theirs. By this temporal assistance, the Prophet would be able to have sufficient to magnify his office ". . . and to expound all scriptures, and continue in laying on of the hands and confirming the churches" [branches] (verse 9).

"Magnify Thine Office . . ."

When the Prophet Joseph Smith was told to magnify his calling, the Lord was definite that he had a calling to which he should give his time and talent. In The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints the members have many opportuni-

ties for service because of the nature of its organization. These privileges range from callings as teachers in the auxiliaries to offices of leadership. In each calling, regardless of what it may be, there are definite responsibilities which pertain to that calling. Every converted member of the Church desires to make his or her contribution to the kingdom of God. In what way may this be done? One definite way is to magnify one's calling as a member of the kingdom and in his specific calling in the Church.

How to Magnify One's Calling

What does it mean to "magnify" a calling? Basically, to magnify means to enlarge or make great. As applied to a calling in the Church, one does not enlarge the office, but, by faithfully carrying out the duties of the calling, one "makes" or "enlarges" the office in the eyes of the membership. In this sense, then, the dictionary definition which says to "cause to be held in greater esteem or respect" may be applied.

The important thing for us is to know wherein the Lord, through his prophets, indicated that an office was being magnified. Some ideas concerning this fact should be considered under these points:

1. Worthiness of life
   Section 4 and 12. (See Lesson 6, *Relief Society Magazine*, December 1957.)
2. Study the scriptures and information relative to the calling.
   This counsel addressed to missionaries was given that they might magnify their calling. (See D & C 88:78-80.)

   And as all have not faith, seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning, even by study and also by faith (D & C 88:118).
3. Unselfish devotion
   Now, my beloved brethren, I, Jacob, according to the responsibility which I am under to God, to magnify mine office with soberness, and that I might rid my garments of your sins, I come up into the temple this day that I might declare unto you the word of God (Jacob 2:2).
4. Follow the leaders placed over us
   In speaking to Relief Society, the Prophet Joseph Smith said:

   . . . that it was the folly and nonsense of the human heart for a person to be aspiring to other stations than those to which they are appointed of God for them to occupy; that it was better for individuals to magnify their respective callings, and wait patiently till God shall say to them, "Come up higher" (*D. H. C.* IV:603).
5. Obtain the Spirit and keep it
   And the Spirit shall be given unto you by the prayer of faith and if ye receive not the Spirit ye shall not teach (D & C 42:14).

When a Latter-day Saint woman prepares herself for service in the various ways mentioned above and strives to magnify her calling in the kingdom of God, the Lord will magnify her. (See Joshua 3:7; I Chron. 29:25.) Paul felt that the works which were done through the Priesthood magnified the name of the Lord. (See Acts 19:13-17.) This same apostle considered that by his life of worthiness Jesus was magnified in him. (See Philippians 1:20.)

Questions for Discussion

1. Give some reasons for being a member of the Church.
2. Why would you believe it is a person's "duty" to join The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints?
3. What is there in this lesson which

gives evidence that Joseph Smith received revelation from the Lord?

4. In what ways may one magnify a calling in the Church?

5. Discuss: Activity in the Church, when possible, is necessary to receive exaltation.

Visiting Teacher Messages—

Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Message 17—". . . Take Upon You My Whole Armor, That Ye May Be Able to Withstand the Evil Day . . ." (D & C 27:15).

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, October 6, 1959

Objective: To show that only when we protect ourselves with the whole armor of spirituality can we be sure of the constant companionship of the Lord's Spirit.

IN Greek mythology there is a well-known legend which tells of the mighty warrior Achilles. In his infancy, Achilles' mother Thetis, endeavoring to make him invulnerable to all physical harm, bathed him in the mighty river Styx. The water washed over his body, forming an impregnable shield, with the exception of one small part—his heel by which she was holding him. The princely warrior grew to manhood, and, because of his protective armor, lived a charmed and secure life. Not one of his enemy's weapons could harm him. One day, however, after a great and successful battle, one last poisoned arrow was shot at Achilles. This arrow found its way to his one vulnerable spot, his heel. And because of this small flaw in his otherwise great armor, Achilles was slain.

In The Doctrine and Covenants 27:15, Jesus admonishes us to ". . . take upon you my whole armor, that ye may be able to withstand the evil day. . . ."

The emphasis in this quotation is on applying the *whole armor* of the gospel. It stresses the importance of building a strong protective shield of spirituality in order to resist the weapons of evil and the temptations of the adversary, that are likely to beset us throughout our lives.

As in the legend of Achilles, most of us have potential or actual weaknesses in our spiritual armor which we must recognize and guard against. These weaknesses, although they may be relatively small, may open the door for serious degenerating influences and may become an "Achilles' heel" in our own lives. Such weaknesses as selfishness, jealousy, intolerance, false pride, or covetousness, even discouragement, may be flaws in an otherwise strong spiritual armor.

As Jesus exhorts us in the scriptures, we should gird ourselves with truth, make righteousness the breastplate of our armor, faith our shield,

salvation our helmet, and the Lord's Spirit our defensive sword. (See D & C 27:16-18.)

Let us be sure that we take upon us Christ's whole armor. Partial or incomplete righteousness will not give us the protection we need. Where our spiritual armor is not whole, Satan finds the weak spots. It is these flaws in our protective shield for which he is constantly searching. With the complete protection of the Lord's Spirit, and with his gospel, we can successfully withstand the temptings of the evil one and partake of the rich joys and blessings which come to those who stand faithful unto the end.

Work Meeting—Physical Safety Factors in the Home

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Discussion 1—Child Safety

Charlotte A. Larsen

For Tuesday, October 13, 1959

Objective: To show the necessity in safety measures of extensive education of parents and others responsible for child care.

EVERY home should be a haven not a hazard. Yet, today, accidents, especially in the home area, have become the number one killer and crippler of children. Remarkable progress has been made in decreasing childhood fatalities from tuberculosis, pneumonia, scarlet fever, diphtheria, diarrhea, and many other contagious diseases, but there is no vaccination, no surgery, or form of medicine that can reduce childhood accidents.

The only safeguard or prevention for accidents in the home is intensive education of parents and others responsible for child care. Constant vigilance and a true knowledge of the ways of small children are the answers to the never-ending accident problem. Young children need to touch, to feel, and to explore, but should not be left unsupervised except in safely planned play areas.

Day-to-Day Safety Teaching

It is important to remember that children imitate adults; consequently, it is imperative that adults conform to high safety standards. Safety principles should be taught at an early age for children are active and heedless. Parents can do much to save them from injury and suffering by following a few basic principles.

Preventing Accidents

The first step in making the home a safer place for your children is to study the leading causes of home accidents involving children. The most common accidents are:

1. Burns and explosions from matches,

firecrackers, bonfires, lighters, unprotected heaters, and stoves.

2. Scalding from hot liquids.

3. Falls from swings, trees, windows, porches, and steps, and even falls out of bed.

4. Electrocutions and burns from worn extension cords, unprotected electric outlets.

5. Cuts from knives, scissors, and other sharp objects.

6. Drownings in bathtubs, unguarded and unprotected swimming pools, uncovered fish-ponds, and wells and canals.

7. Poisoning caused from household bleaches, detergents, medicines, and insecticides.

8. Strangulations and other injury from stuffing small objects in nose, ears, and throat.

9. Gunshot wounds from "unloaded" guns.

10. Vehicular accidents from cars backing out from garages; bicycle accidents.

Safeguards

The following safeguards should be taken to protect children:

1. Provide safe, attractive areas for children, both indoors and outdoors, so that they can be watched while mothers are performing household duties. The safest play area is a fenced yard. [Driveways, streets, and highways are not safe places for children to play.]

2. Select children's toys with care. Avoid buying articles which can be easily swallowed, which have sharp corners or rough edges, or which have poisonous paint. Lead paint used on baby's chair or crib is dangerous, as the child may suck or chew on some part of the furniture and be poisoned.

3. Teach the children to stay away from the stove as you prepare the meals. While cooking, turn handles of all pots and pans to the back of the stove. Use the back burners whenever possible.

4. Keep sharp objects, such as scissors, knives, ice-picks, etc., away from small children and train older children to use them properly.

5. Keep electric cords out of reach. Children should be taught the danger of playing with electric cords. Children can be seriously burned by chewing on cords.

Garage and Driveway Hazards

Be sure you can actually see all children known to be in the vicinity while you back your car. Looking around first isn't enough. Knowing the children were in the house a moment ago isn't enough. Make them stand where you can see them while you're backing. Teach your children the danger of playing near parked cars and trucks. Delivery men don't take time to look around and under their vehicles before driving away. Every year has its pitiful toll of little children killed or maimed this way. Be sure it doesn't happen to your youngsters.

Other Child Safety Reminders

During the past few years we have seen newspaper and magazine reports of the entrapment of small children in discarded refrigerators and other airtight cabinets. In most cases these entrapments result in death. A number of suggestions have been made to correct this situation. The solution to this hazard is education — education of parents to make these cabinets harmless before discarding them, and to educate children to stay out of such places. This is a serious problem, for there are over a million of these

cabinets discarded each year.

Avoid placing a chair or couch near a window where a child can easily climb up and perhaps fall out the window. (Windows should have firmly secured screens.)

Take this child safety tip: Keep in a safe, preferably locked place, anything in your home or garage that could harm a child if taken without your supervision, such as simple medicines, cleaning materials, furniture polishes, garden sprays, and insecticides. To a little tot gasoline or kerosene looks like a lot of other things he drinks. He may try it without hesitation, if you leave it where he can get it easily. It may very well be fatal. Take the extra little care necessary to avoid this tragedy on your premises.

A tot left alone in the bathtub can turn the hot water on and scald himself in an instant, or bump his head and drown.

Many childhood accidents happen in homes where there are no youngsters. Here is a special child safety tip to adults without children at home: always be sure your scissors, poisonous liquids, medicines, knives — all things potentially dangerous to small children — are kept carefully out of the way, just in case friends with youngsters stop in unexpectedly. Accidents to children, it seems, happen when and where adults least expect them.

Questions

1. When is the best time to teach our children safety measures?
2. How are safety measures best taught?
3. How does the safety environment of the home affect the child?

Suggested Reference

Formula For Child Safety,
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
Home Office: New York.

Literature—America's Literature—A New Nation Speaks

Lesson 9— Introduction: Light and Fire

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

For Tuesday, October 20, 1959

Objective: To sketch the background for changes in the American mind before and after the Revolutionary War.

Seedtime of the Nation

BECAUSE few of us, previous to this course, had on tongue-tip the name of any American who wrote before 1776, it becomes easy to assume that little of import was happening before then. Based perhaps on some "required" history class that now lies flattened beneath mountains of diapers and dishes, this easy generalization would have

our forefathers too busy landing on Plymouth Rock, eating turkeys and pumpkins, chopping down trees, dipping candles, killing Indians, and courting Priscilla Alden, ever to read or write much. "But now that you've mentioned it," they might well respond, "just who is there, anyway?"

During our first year we named seven names; it could well have been far more had we room enough and time. Looking back on our study of New England Puritanism, we can now identify it as a period of vigorous dissenting, noble dreaming, self-righteous dominating, subtle yet fundamental changing. Studied carefully, it yields a fascinating pertinence all its own. Viewed from a deeper perspective, it becomes one of the great seedtimes of our national heart and mind.

Save for Jonathan Edwards, who died approximately twenty years before Paul Revere's ride, most aggressive believers in the Bible Commonwealth were dead almost fifty years before 1776. If theocratic Puritanism ended in 1728, and Jefferson began writing in 1776, what happened in between? Much!

Literature of the American tradition has "bone in its nose" (because it was written to instruct and edify). Before 1900 those of our great authors who wrote only to please the imagination or to delight, are few in number. The half-century preceding the Revolution was also a time of seeding and of mixing its seeds with those planted earlier. This period, from 1763 on, was the matrix which produced the fiery issues of hatreds and death; firing musketry but accelerated and intensified the work which "the silent pressure of environment" had been effecting upon transplanted Europeans for decades.

Struggling for Economic and Political Rights

As swelling numbers of individual working-class Englishmen earned themselves a new identity with their lands and goods and expansive inner freedoms, their status rose, at least in their own minds; in reverse ratio, the power of the theocracy shriveled. Though not one in a thousand attended a university, people of colonial America were hungry to read; in the decades before and after the war, newspapers and magazines multiplied tremendously. The temper of the times changed. Men felt within the scope of their attainable futures new rights to be achieved; reading and attending the community discussion groups which sprang up verified their own new hungers and convictions. As early as 1717 the Reverend John Wise, university trained son of an indentured servant, put the new attitude into ringing words:

> . . . in the high and admirable Frame and Constitution of Humane Nature the Word Man, says my Author, is thought to carry somewhat of Dignity in its sound; and we commonly make use of this as the most proper and prevailing argument against a rude Insulter, I am Not a Beast or a Dog, but am a Man as well as yourself.

Increasingly the literate but non-university working classes came to distrust the clergy and the educated few. When Cotton Mather recommended, in 1721, that the populace submit themselves to smallpox inoculation, it was James Franklin's *Courant* (as a voice for "Leather

"Apron men," which would include his younger brother Ben and himself) which spoke out against him. The Franklin brothers' paper satirized Harvard as a rich man's college which qualified dunces for the ministry by teaching them graceful carriage and other foppish skills "which might as well be acquired at a Dancing School." Surprising notions the seventeen-year-old printer's apprentice Ben Franklin printed, under the name of Silence Dogood, in the *Courant*, as copied from a London paper: "Without Freedom of Thought, there can be no such Thing as Wisdom; and no such Thing as publick Liberty, without Freedom of Speech." Uneducated? Perhaps, but surely self-taught, and evidently very near the tenor of the times in his thinking.

Voting, too, became more widespread and influential in people's minds. On her precarious trip through Connecticut in 1704, Sarah Kemble Knight observed how their big red-letter day honored "St. Election . . . a blessing they can be thankful enough for." As one might expect, the ruling class feared such goings-on and stood together to oppose their counterblasts.

But while the great majority of Swedes in New Sweden (Delaware); Dutch in New Amsterdam (New York); ex-convicts in Georgia; Anglicans throughout the South; Quakers and Dutch in Pennsylvania; Catholics in Maryland; Quakers and staunch Puritans who replanted the "New Ark" of their covenant theology in New Jersey; Congregationalists and Presbyterians in New England; and mongrels in Rhode Island and throughout the whole—while the many worshipped in quiet tranquility or warmed to the New Light religious fervors of the Great Awakening, they were at peace religiously. The great battle centered about their receiving their economic and political rights as Englishmen.

The Influence of Deism

In the meantime a new movement began to influence the colonies. The Enlightenment had become a strong force in England during the late seventeenth century among the intellectual, educated classes. Basically it was a reaction against the severities of the Puritan curbings, which ended in 1660, when the Stuarts were restored to the throne. Above all, the devotees of the Enlightenment honored man's reason as the key for unlocking the mysteries of his physical world and the universe, for solving the growing complexities of men's relationships with each other, and for what they felt to be a more reasonable approach to religion.

Puritan scholars had always believed in the beneficent powers of science, intellect, and the pursuit of knowledge through books and education. For them reason was a tool or "faculty" to be mastered in the manipulations of logic. Particularly after the charter was renewed in 1692, Reason began taking on new significance, even in the words of the New England Puritans themselves. In 1700, Cotton Mather published his *Reasonable Religion* in which he wrote, "Did men Act Reasonably, they would Live Religiously." Gradually, for the eighteenth-century Puritans, reason became an inborn power in natural man which proved to him the necessity for God: in marveling at the splendid mechanical smoothness

with which the universe runs, wasn't it reasonable that some Great Power created it?

Deism (a belief in the existence of God) was at the heart of the American Enlightenment, best exemplified in the credo of Benjamin Franklin, whose life span almost covered that of the eighteenth century (1706-1790), and who was far and away the best-known, best-loved American of his time, both in America and in Europe. He believed in God, in immortality, in doing good to all men, not because religious authority told him he ought to, but because to him these things seemed reasonable, hence good. The leading antimystic of the age, he prayed to God, not to have his prayers answered but to give vent to his feelings of veneration and gratitude. As he wrote in his *Autobiography*.

> . . . truth, sincerity, and integrity in dealings between man and man were of the utmost importance to the felicity of life. . . . Revelation had indeed no weight with me as such; but I entertained an opinion that, though certain actions might not be bad because they were forbidden . . . yet probably these actions might be forbidden because they were bad for us. . . .

Thus deism intellectualized or reasoned religion. Never a formal movement or an organized sect, it was believed in only by a prominent few, but it was those few who wrote the "great and marching words" for both their age and ours: Franklin, Jefferson, Paine, Washington, Ethan Allen, and others.

New Concepts of the Enlightenment

The Enlightenment also found it "reasonable" to believe in the perfectibility of man and in his innate rights as a product of God's reasonable nature. Therefore more of our social challenges (many of them still unmet) have their origins in this period than in any other. In contrast to the confining dogmatisms of the past, which taught that a man was starving or dying or being punished because it was God's will, the new concepts of the Enlightenment were based on benevolence and concern for the welfare of all men. According to its teachings, the masses were not born only to be ruled by superiors; furthermore, the souls of Negroes and Indians and women were *worth* saving. And the greatest single concept which the Enlightenment has bequeathed to us is the idea of progress. Not only *can* man better himself in every way here and now, but it becomes *inevitable* that he do so. No idea is more central to our present-day beliefs than this. Once each person believes he is as good as any other, and that by standing on the "Rights of Man" he can not only maintain such a station but cannot escape from improving it, what is not possible? Results of such a belief are everywhere about us, both inside and out, both as Americans and as Latter-day Saints.

These high ideals were birthed in eighteenth-century America, drawing heavily upon European sources, but reworking them into textures and emphasis peculiarly its own. But we should not oversimplify. Yes, the century produced its great symbol-man Benjamin Franklin, but it produced Jonathan Edwards, too, living symbol of a core of beliefs which, in large measure, Franklin and the age inherited and incorporated within themselves, but which, in even larger measure, they

repudiated as expendable values, against which their new principles were contrasted.

The War of Ideas

Wars are fought because each of two factions believes its cause is just. A man in uniform aims at his fellow with loaded musket or missile because, when words fail, this act seems the best way of projecting into action what he believes in his heart, much as men abhor it. Thus, for centuries, Englishmen had fought for their king, their living symbol of the glorious English traditions and institutions which gave their lives continuity and purpose in time. They believed that back-talk need not be taken; that authority is not to be challenged.

But dearly as they loved their motherland, Englishmen living in America believed even more with John Locke, Rousseau, Roger Williams, John Wise, Tom Paine, and Thomas Jefferson, that man has rights as a man, just as an Englishman has rights as an Englishman, regardless of where he may live. They believed in the social contact, which at the time of the Glorious Revolution in 1688, John Locke had written as the true concept of man's relationship to government: that in return for capitulating his priceless independence to the government, it, in turn, can repay him this trust by legislating, with his consent, for his own welfare.

We must not forget that during the Revolution more than a third of the Englishmen living in the thirteen colonies could not conceive of being anything but Englishmen, and remained Tories or Loyalists throughout the war and afterward. While more than 70,000 fled to the Indies, Canada, and England, rather than commit what they felt to be highest treason, large numbers complied outwardly, probably doing so rather than endangering their lives and property, meanwhile praying that the rebels would be defeated and solid English government restored. Realizing the grim truth of Franklin's tart aphorism that "We must hang together or we'll hang separately," the survival of the colonists hinged entirely on their ability to agree even while they differed. The greatness of the fundamental documents which they fashioned lies not only in their purest idealism coupled with commonsense reality, nor only in the checks and balances which predominantly pleased all compromising factions without allowing any one to dominate the others; they are great because the creative force of their vision made their sentences some of the greatest in our language. They achieved the internal power which always signified great art.

Stemming from the two great interrelated yet vastly differing definitions of man, as exemplified by Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin, these two views became embodied in the two political parties following the war. Jefferson, who would trust the people, led one; Alexander Hamilton led the Federalists. Though they differed in favoring agriculture and rural areas versus high finance, industry, and urban areas, strong local government versus centralized control, such surface differences had their origins in their views toward their own kind. As much as any single debate in our history, the more detailed descriptions of what man is in his true nature has been central

from then until now; from such discussions cast in literary form and intensity has come American literature.

One of the most terrifying realizations which must have come to our rebellious forefathers, somewhat after the tensions of combat were relaxed, was, that in gaining economic and political freedom, they had gained cultural and literary freedom as well, which might well have proved more than they bargained for. On July 5, 1775, Franklin wrote one of his formerly dearest friends in England:

> Your area Member of Parliament, and one of that Majority which has doomed my Country to Destruction.—You have begun to burn our Towns, and murder our People.—Look upon your Hands! They are stained with the Blood of your Relations!—You and I were long Friends:—You are now my Enemy,—and I am, Yours, B. Franklin.

After relationships were severed so sharply, where was the infant Nation to turn for fashions in clothes, architecture, dancing, conversation, painting, drama, literature? Aside from architecture, its one native art, it is an error to say this new Nation was imitative of England; it is much more accurate to say it imported her. After humiliating this greatest nation at Yorktown, was this new Nation's humiliation to be a fawning return to the metropolitan delights of London, begging for five thousand copies of "the latest?" It was, much as this was hated. It was comparatively easy to "declare" itself free, but free to what? Politically and economically growing pains had to be solved immediately or the young Nation would be wiped out; unfortunately the people found to their sorrow that they could not overnight "declare" themselves an accompanying culture and a historical tradition, both of which were needed desperately to bind all American hearts together in pride of a noble past, and in great words and artistic expressions of an emerging identity.

Literarily and educationally this process took almost a hundred years: the first course in American literature was offered at Princeton in 1872 by John S. Hart. Before 1800 the Connecticut Wits were so heavily imitative of English models that they stultified what little creative power they possessed, and a few eighteenth-century American novelists wrote imitations of the English writers Samuel Richardson and Laurence Sterne. After the Revolution, Royal Tyler and William Dunlap wrote a few American plays, but by and large American writers returned back into the comfortable lap of Mother England and imitated her unashamedly, even gratefully. Meanwhile the great question, "If I am not English, who am I?" was scarcely to be nibbled at for several decades, and not until the time of the great writers of the American Renaissance during the 1850's was individuality to be stated in terms of greatness and imaginative creativity.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Why might it be significant of new patterns that young Ben Franklin began his career in a newspaper and printing office?
2. What was the basic concept in the American Enlightenment?
3. In their views of man and society, what did Puritanism and the Enlightenment have in common?
4. In realms other than politics and economics, how did "independence" create many difficulties?

Social Science—Spiritual Living in the Nuclear Age

Lesson 1—The Spiritual Road

Elder Blaine M. Porter

For Tuesday, October 27, 1959

Objective: To appraise present world conditions and to chart a course for the spiritually minded person living in the nuclear age.

An Era of Confusion and Insecurity

THESE are confusing times. The daily headlines carrying evidences of fear and anxiety in high places fill us with these same feelings of fear and anxiety. Their large black banners of war, strikes, loyalty oaths, traitors, mobilization, civilian defense, atom and hydrogen bomb experiments, guided missiles, price controls and taxes, debates on aid to foreign countries multiply this confusion. Radio and television programs discussing these problems, often, in a passionate and pessimistic manner, arouse feelings of uneasiness and confusion in the minds of children and youth, as well as adults.

Parents are confused; teachers perplexed; congressmen and statesmen disagree; and military personnel argue as to the size of the armed forces and the speed of mobilization. Authority is being questioned; old modes of life are being displaced by new and unfamiliar ones; and the advancement of the jet age, which is making of countries which were history and geography book fantasylands of yesterday our next-door neighbors of today, is adding new challenges in human relations.

It would be totally unrealistic not to acknowledge that the problems we face today often seem insurmountable and that tension and anxiety exist among both children and adults, such as:

1. The increasing complexity of modern life with its specializations and its impersonal interdependence and mechanical aspects.
2. The broken homes and moral and spiritual bankruptcy of many persons.
3. The struggle for power among the great nations of the world, sometimes led by men lacking in maturity and spirituality.
4. Overcrowded schools and inadequate educational facilities.
5. Racial and religious prejudice and discrimination and class stratification.
6. Inflation and rising prices in which an individual's material needs and desires seem always to outdistance the lag in earning power.
7. The realization that we could wake up any morning and find ourselves engaged in a world-wide struggle for survival which brings with it the threat of unimaginable destructive weapons.

In some instances these are problems of our own thinking and our own making, which we have failed to solve to our own satisfaction. Nevertheless, they are problems about which almost all of us are anxious and concerned.

An Era of Great Potentialities

So far we have sounded rather pessimistic regarding the world in which we find ourselves. Let us now look at it from a more optimistic point of view. If the peace

of the world can be kept, and we are able to develop sufficient skill in getting along with one another, both within our communities and among the nations of the world, it is quite probable that the last half of the twentieth century will record the greatest physical changes in human history. If we are able creatively to handle the problems mentioned above and be somewhat philosophical about the unfinished world in which we live, we could quite honestly say that we are now living in the most exciting era of all time. What is more challenging, we face even more dramatic changes in the years directly ahead.

Dr. Carl J. Christensen, discussing some of the impacts of the satellite age, pointed out that man has understood the principle of a rocket engine since the Chinese first made a rocket with gun powder, and that the nature of a satellite orbit had been fully understood since the time of Sir Isaac Newton. He then went on to say:

> This principle in celestial mechanics is studied by every American boy and girl who takes a course in high school physics. Even though these principles have long been understood, the achievement of a man-made satellite was not expected by the rank and file of humanity. They, apparently, had tacitly assumed this to be an act possible only to God in his creation. Perhaps many of us are only beginning to comprehend the tremendous things the Creator has in plan for us, his spirit children, to achieve. . . . ("Man's 3 Dimensional Future," Carl J. Christensen, *The Improvement Era*, August 1958, page 579).

This is an age, too, in which the advances made in the fields of nutrition, health education, and medicine are making it possible for men to live longer and to be on the threshold of conquering some dread diseases. The fact that our physical bodies respond more effectively is evidenced by the almost consistent annual breaking of athletic records.

Challenge to Develop Harmonious Human Relationships

This is indeed an exciting age; an age of great expectations. It is a time that challenges a new way of thinking with new ways of living. The significant problem at hand is, can we meet this challenge? In order to arrive at the right answers, it is essential that we ask the right questions. Now that we have acknowledged the greatness of the accomplishments in the scientific fields of sending atomic submarines underneath the ice cap covering the region surrounding the North Pole, satellites circling the earth, and the remarkable achievements of conquering many of our feared diseases, it seems appropriate to suggest that we diligently seek to discover the secret of creative, harmonious human relationships.

Today, increasing numbers of people are beginning to understand that the fundamental problem of the human race is to learn how to live together in peace and harmony. The knowledge of the universe as revealed by astronomers shows us that our planet is but a tiny island floating in space so great that the human mind cannot comprehend its vastness. Is it not just as true that man's hope of survival of all the finer things of life rests on the foundation of peace and brotherhood and faith in God?

If the remarkable advancements hich have been made in the area the physical and medical sciences e to be put to use for the better- ent of mankind rather than its struction, it seems essential that é exert greater efforts to parallel ese advances with accomplish- ents in the social science, humani- es, and religion. No matter how any rockets we launch to the oon, or how many scientific instru- ents the rockets carry, they still annot teach us much about human velopment and behavior. Guided issiles or hydrogen bombs do not ck themselves up in one city and rop themselves on another city. uch destructive actions occur rough the motivations and direc- ons of human beings. As long as e have leaders of nations who are haracterized by immaturity, jeal- usy, greed, and hostility, we will ontinue to live in an anxious age, reatened by the fear of suffering nd destruction.

Need to Kindle Faith

President McKay has observed:

The most ominous threat to the peace nd happiness of mankind in this the wentieth century is not the probable mis- se of the atomic bomb, but the dwin- ling in men's hearts of faith in God. Epochs of faith are epochs of fruitful- ess; but epochs of unbelief, however glit- ering, are barren of all permanent good" "Faith Triumphant," David O. McKay, The Improvement Era, August 1947, page 07).

General Omar N. Bradley, for- merly Army's Chief of Staff, said on one occasion:

With the monstrous weapons man already has, humanity is in danger of being trapped in this world by its moral adolescence. Our knowledge of science has clearly outstripped our capacity to con- trol it.

We have too many men of science; too few men of God. We have grasped the mystery of the atom and rejected the Sermon on the Mount. Man is stum- bling blindly through a spiritual darkness while toying with the precarious secrets of life and death.

The world has achieved brilliance with- out wisdom, power without conscience. Ours is a world of nuclear giants and ethical infants. We know more about war than we know about peace, more about killing than we know about living. (As quoted by President David O. McKay, in The Improvement Era, June 1958, page 407).

Home to Inculcate Christ's Teachings

A great responsibility falls upon the home to produce loving person- alities, individuals with feelings of respect and value for mankind and skills of putting into practice Christian ideals and teachings. Our world can only be as effectively safe and secure as are the homes that constitute it. Our challenge, then, is to find a way in which parents can join hands with each other and their children and travel the spirit- ual road.

Signposts of the Spiritual Road

President McKay, in his annual conference address in 1958, pointed out some of the signposts which we might observe in order to find and stay on the spiritual road.

Christ has asked us to develop the spiritual within us.

Man's earthly existence is but a test as to whether he will concentrate his efforts, his mind, his soul upon things which con- tribute to the comfort and gratification of his physical nature or whether he will make as his life's purpose the acquisition of spiritual qualities.

Every noble impulse, every unselfish expression of love, every brave suffering for the right; every surrender of self to something higher than self; every loyalty

Song Collections For Every Occasion

FAMOUS SONGS THE WORLD OVER	1.75
52 SACRED SONGS	2.00
56 SONGS YOU LIKE TO SING	1.50
IRELAND IN SONG	1.95
SCOTLAND IN SONG	1.95
SONGS EVERYBODY SINGS—Bond	2.00
SONGS OF THE GAY 90'S	1.95
WEDDING BOUQUET OF SONGS HIGH OR LOW ....ea.	2.00
WORLD'S BEST FOLK SONGS AND BALLADS	1.95
WORLD'S BEST SACRED SONGS	1.95
WORLD'S BEST WEDDING SONGS	1.95
WORLD FAMOUS SONGS	1.50

Music Sent on Approval

Use this advertisement as your order blank

DAYNES MUSIC COMPANY
15 E. 1st South
Salt Lake City 11, Utah

Please send the music indicated above.
☐ On Approval ☐ Charge
☐ Money Enclosed

Name .....
Address .....
City & State .....

Daynes Music Company
15 E. 1st South
145 NORTH UNIVERSITY, PROVO Salt Lake City 11, Utah

to an ideal; every unselfish devotion to principle; every helpfulness to humanity; every act of self-control; every fine courage of the soul, undefeated by pretence or policy, but by being, doing, and living of good for the very good's sake—that is spirituality.

The spiritual road has Christ as its ideal—not the gratification of the physical, for he that will save his life, yielding to that first gratification of a seeming need, will lose his life, lose his happiness, the pleasure of living at this present time. If he would seek the real purpose of life, the individual must live for something higher than self. He hears the Savior's voice, saying: "I am the way, the truth, the life." (John 14:6.) Following that voice he soon learns that there is no one great thing which he can do to attain happiness or eternal life. He learns that "life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things in which smiles and kindness and small obligations given habitually are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort."

Spirituality, our true aim, is the consciousness of victory over self, and of communion with the Infinite. Spirituality impels one to conquer difficulties and acquire more and more strength. To feel one's faculties unfolding, and truth expanding in the soul, is one of life's sublimest experiences. . . .

With all our boasted civilization there never was a time when spiritual awakening and spiritual ideals were more needed. Civilization has grown too complex for the human mind to visualize or to control. Unless mankind come to a speedy realization that the higher and not the baser qualities of man must be developed, the present status of civilization is in jeopardy. Life on the animal plane has as its ideal the survival of the fittest, crush or be crushed, mangle or be mangled, kill or be killed. For man, with his intelligence, this is a sure road to anguish and death. . . .

Spiritual awakening in the hearts of millions of men and women would bring about a changed world. I am hopeful, my brethren and sisters, that the dawning of that day is not far distant. I am conscious, as I hope all of you are, that the responsibility to try to bring about such

day rests upon the priesthood of the Church of Jesus Christ and upon the membership and upon husbands and wives and upon children in Mormon homes.

May that message be felt throughout the conference that we are now holding. We cannot just come and meet and talk about good things and then go home and express our feelings, the feelings of our earnal nature.

My faith in the ultimate triumph of the gospel of Jesus Christ assures me that a spiritual awakening must come. It will come through the acceptance of Jesus Christ and obedience to his gospel and in no other way completely. I believe there never was a time in the history of the world when there was such a need for a united, determined stand to uphold Christ and the restoration of the gospel through the Prophet Joseph Smith as there is today ("Something Higher Than Self," David O. McKay, *The Improvement Era*, June 1958, pp. 407-409).

Summary

The challenges which lie before us are clear. Advances in the physical sciences must be balanced with achievements in the social order and understanding of human behavior. We must change our way of thinking. We must change our way of feeling. Instead of hating, fighting, and crushing one another, we must seek to build our lives upon the principles of righteousness as taught and exemplified by our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

These challenges may not be easy for some, because of the attractions which the glitter and ease of following other paths may have. The gospel of Jesus Christ beckons us to follow the high road wherein we dedicate ourselves to the eternal values of noble and righteous living. Anything less than this may mean the decline, if not the destruction, of our civilization, and it obviously will result in a less *abundant* life than is potentially within each of us.

Spiritual living becomes more and more essential.

Devotion and loyalty that spring . . . from the heart "for the common Father of all mankind is the strongest and only universal bond that can bind up all men together." Only such a group looking as one mind to heaven for guidance can eventually transform human society (*Gospel Ideals*, David O. McKay, page 104).

It is the duty of the members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to hold aloft true spiritual standards—to travel "The Spiritual Road," and so to light this pathway that others will seek to follow.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. What are some of the specific fears

HAWAIIAN TOURS

Leave once a month. Prices start from $275. Please inquire about these wonderful tours to Hawaii.

HISTORICAL TOUR

Leaves August 1, 1959, for the famous HILL CUMORAH PAGEANT and visiting many cities including Chicago, New York, Washington D.C., Boston, Niagara Falls, Canada, and many other Historical places of the Church and country.

SCENIC NORTHWESTERN TOUR

Please come join us on this wonderful vacation tour. Leaves July 13th from Salt Lake City, Utah.

MARGARET LUND TOURS

P. O. Box 20
Sugar House Station
Salt Lake City, Utah

Phone:
IN 6-2909, AM 2-2339, CR 7-6334

and anxieties that Relief Society members face?

2. Discuss the impact upon the individual of a rapidly changing society.

3. Will leading a spiritual life aid or hinder one's efforts to get along with others and achieve vocational or professional goals? In what way? Why?

4. Discuss ways in which we may help each other to get on and stay on "The Spiritual Road."

Supplementary References

Evans, Richard L.: "The Courage to Live With Uncertainty," *The Improvement Era*, February 1957, page 104.

McKay, David O.: "A Spiritual Reawakening—the Need of the Hour," *The Improvement Era*, January 1956, pp. 13-14.

McKay, David O.: "Peace in the Atomic Age," *The Instructor*, January 1958, pp. 1-2.

RECIPE FOR COLD WATER SOAP

5 pounds strained cool grease
1 cup ammonia
1 heaping tablespoon borax
3 pints cold water
1 can lye

Use a galvanized or enamel pan or kettle (not aluminum). Dissolve the lye in one pint of warm water. When cool, add the grease and stir well. Then add the ammonia, borax, and the remainder of the water. Stir for fifteen minutes and allow the mixture to set. The soap may be cut into bars as soon as it is firm.

—Submitted by Big Cottonwood Stake Relief Society

Birthday Congratulations

One Hundred

Mrs. Mary Brown Clark
Provo, Utah

Ninety-eight

Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Terry Blair
Salt Lake City, Utah

Ninety-five

Mrs. Matilda C. Robbins
Salt Lake City, Utah

Ninety-four

Mrs. Christain Sinclair Bowers
Nephi, Utah

Ninety-three

Mrs. Sarah Hendricksen
Ucon, Idaho

Ninety-two

Mrs. Ellen France Robbins
Salt Lake City, Utah

Ninety-one

Mrs. Caroline Christensen
Salt Lake City, Utah

Ninety

Mrs. Annie Margretha Miller Ottosen
Emery, Utah

Mrs. Sarah Ann Blake Lewis
Preston, Idaho

Mrs. Arminta Rawlins Hogan
Lewiston, Utah

Mason & Hamlin
The Stradivari of Pianos

EVERETT
PIANOS
Finest Toned Spinet Piano Built

THE WORLD'S FINEST
Cable-Nelson
Finest Low Priced Piano Built

We specialize
in all music
for
Relief Society

Beesley Music Co.

Pioneer Piano People
70 S. MAIN ST. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

VIDA FOX CLAWSON
TRAVEL SERVICE

Recognized . . . For Experience, Integrity, Service. For the best in travel since 1933. Special all-expense tours now forming to:

HAWAII, NORTHWEST,
EUROPE, THE ORIENT,
AND MEXICO

Original Historic Tour includes the PAGEANT AT THE HILL CUMORAH and the great broadway hit MY FAIR LADY. Early reservations are advisable as space is limited. Departs on August 1, 1959.

For free folder write or phone:

VIDA FOX CLAWSON

216 South 13th East
Salt Lake City 2, Utah
Phone: DA 8-0303

LEARN TO TYPEWRITE!

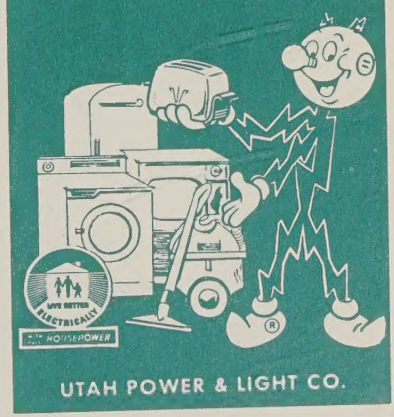
New Classes Begin Soon

Adult classes for Relief Society and genealogy workers will teach beginning and advanced typing. Classes will run 6:30 to 8:00 p.m., Mondays and Thursdays. Individual help and instruction by professional teachers. Call for reservations and further information.

LDS BUSINESS COLLEGE

Phone EM 3-2765
70 North Main **Salt Lake City 11, Utah**

GET FULL HOUSEPOWER



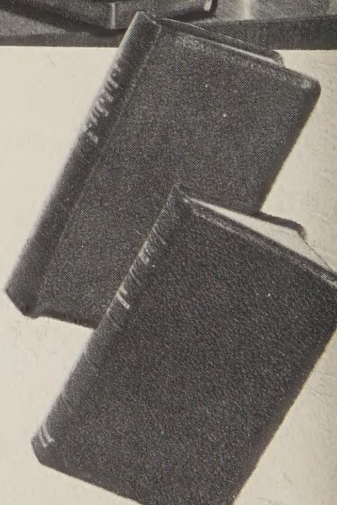
UTAH POWER & LIGHT CO.

BANCROFT LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
BERKELEY 4 CALIFORNIA

Companions for good reading . . .

Missionary Pocket Bible . . . complete with Ready Reference and Concordance. Genuine leather binding. Page sizes 3¼" by 5¼". **8.50**

Pocket Triple Combination . . . Book of Mormon, Doctrine & Covenants, Pearl of Great Price. Bound in genuine leather. (black) **6.00**
(white) **6.75**



Deseret Book Co.
44 East South Temple -- Salt Lake City, Utah